

MASSILLON DAILY INDEPENDENT.

VOL. 1. NO. 17.

MASSILLON, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1887.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

HUMBERGER'S

HAVE INCREASED

Their Force,

And can now promise

All Attention

GREAT JOBS

—IN—

Dress Goods

Are being offered.

Such Bargains

As we are showing

ARE RARE.

THE

Dress Goods

On the job table

Speak for Themselves

AND ARE

Worth Taking

—AT THE—

Prices Placed on Them.

Respectfully,

HUMBERGER'S

Warwick Block.

SEE THE
Lady Washington Shoe

AND THE

\$2.99

Now taking the lead at

GEORGE SNYDER'S.

G. LIV. RYDER'S

FIRE

Insurance Agency.

—ESTABLISHED 1860.—

Largest Fire Insurance Agency in the City.

No. 8 S. Erie Street.

C. C. MILLER

—THE—

WATCH

DEALER

—AND—

REPAIRER.

37 East Main Street.



THE GREAT RUSH

For those Best All Wool Carpets at 58 Cents per Yard Still Continues.

DRESS GOODS.

Our stock of Bleached Dress Goods is the Largest and Best Assorted in the city, and prices

NEVER SO LOW.

We are making cheap prices on all Wool Dress Goods. \$15 Suit Patterns reduced to \$10; \$20 Suit Patterns at \$12.50.

BEST FRENCH SATTEENS

In the Choicest Style at 28 Cents for a Large Line to Select from.

BEE HIVE STORE.

Blow! Blow! Blow!

YET RICKS' PRICES ON

CARPETS

Are lower than any house in this City.

All you need do is to come and see their prices, which will satisfy you.

VEGETABLES!

Strawberries, New Potatoes, Red Beets. A fresh arrival of house plants on Saturday.

DOXSEE & CLEMENS.

No. 9 West Main Street.

Bee Hive Grocery.

Insure at Arnold's Agency,
The Largest in the City.

Represents the Aetna, Royal, Phenix, German American, Ins. Company North America, Orient, Pennsylvania, Washington, and other fire companies, and the Equitable, of New York, and Provident Saving, life companies. MASSILLON, O.

Fresh butter	12½c per lb
Rice	5c "
Crackers	6c "
Granulated Sugar	6½c "
Choice Teas 40, 50 and 60c	"
Roasted Rio Coffee	22c "
Chase and Sanborn's	
Java Coffee 28, 30, 35c	"
Decorated Plates 25, 30, 40c per set	"
" cups and saucers	50c "
Colored water sets	\$1.00

Dielhenn Bros.

NEW

Real Estate
OFFICE.

FELIX R. SHEPLEY'S
REAL ESTATE

—AND—

Insurance Office,

Next to Postoffice.

I HAVE FOR SALE

25 Building Lots
In McCadden's Addition.

TWO HOUSES

Near Railroad, suitable for
Business Purposes.

Real Estate Handled on Commission.

W. H. McCall & Co.

DRUGGISTS

STATIONERY

—AND—

BLANK BOOKS.

Agents for the Juan F. Portuondo

CIGARS.

The Best in the Market.

Look Out!

FOR MY LIST OF

Bargains

IN ALL CLASSES OF

Real Estate!

In the DAILY INDEPENDENT next

week.

James R. Dunn.

SALMAGUNDI.

Today's Doings in this Town,

And Possibly in Others.

Salem has a Young Men's Christian Association.

Look out for the DAILY INDEPENDENT, Saturday, May 28.

Massillon ought to have a Fourth of July celebration.

Some of the musically inclined young people talk of organizing a club.

Salem claims an increase of sixteen hundred in population since 1880.

Mr. Karl F. Miller cut short his visit and left this afternoon for Pittsburg.

Matt Kore, who for a year has been in Belleville, Ill., has returned to this city.

Carrollton offers seven acres of land and \$1,500 as an inducement to the new Lutheran seminary.—Exchange.

The Harmonia band is preparing a fine programme, which will be rendered as soon as the band stand is completed.

Massillon will make a three-hole venture on the natural gas business. There is luck in odd numbers.—Salem Republican.

Mrs. Fred W. Albrecht and her sister, Miss Amelia Buehl, have gone to Philadelphia, Pa., expecting to remain a month.

The brother of Richard Powell arrived here yesterday from Dudley, Staffordshire, England, and will make Massillon his home.

James E. Heckaman and Miss Sarah Singer, both of Canton, were married Thursday afternoon in the U. B. parsonage, by the Rev. B. F. Booth.

Massillon is pushing the gas business. Eight thousand dollars have already been raised, a company formed, and a charter applied for.—Ohio Democrat.

The enterprising proprietors of the Massillon INDEPENDENT are treating that city to a neat and newsy daily issue. If the patronage warrants it will continue. Success to you.—Iron Valley Reporter.

Joseph Cook will lecture in Canton next Friday evening upon "Does death end all?" If the Canton people want a treat they should have asked him to deliver his lecture upon "Law and Labor."

We learn that negotiations are being made to have a joint meeting of the Massillon, Dover and New Philadelphia gun clubs in a short time. Time and place not yet determined on. There's sport ahead.—Ohio Democrat.

Salem is satisfied with herself. So was Massillon forty years ago, but we have had the good sense to get over it. The very fact of our own dissatisfaction, though that is not exactly the proper name for it, helps us to improve ourselves.

New Philadelphia wants a tent of Daughters of Veterans. The appearance of the girls from Massillon took Tuscarawas county hearts by storm yesterday, and as they cannot have them down there very often they want to do the next best thing—organize a branch themselves.

Officer Pepper, who happened to be on the New Philadelphia train last night, arrested one of the fakirs who had been there, believing him to be a pretty suspicious character, and possibly one of the pickpockets. He is charged with being in the possession of gambling devices. It will be pretty hard to prove anything against him.

This, from the Salem Republican, is almost too good, but it is accepted with many thanks all the same: "The Massillon INDEPENDENT has bloomed into a daily. It is a lively, 24-column sheet, and has come to stay if the town's people want it. It is independent as a monkey in a tree. It brings with it ability and energy, and should be supported."

Only \$1,000 subscribed to the natural gas fund. This thing won't succeed unless it is pushed. It would be a good idea to hold a public meeting and whoop things up. Massillon raised \$5,000 in one evening, and a company will be organized with \$10,000 capital. They are going to make it a town matter and drill for gas until they find it or know that it is not in the neighborhood. That is what we ought to do.—New Philadelphia Advocate.

As the canal boat William Orr, heavily freighted with coal neared the Cherry street bridge this morning, the mules which were headed toward Cleveland were astonished as they tugged on the tow line, to learn that it refused to move, and the captain of the craft made the alarming discovery that the William Orr had sprung a leak and was placidly resting on the mud below. All hands were put to the pumps, and before the noon day sun the ship was righted and speeding on toward Lake Erie.

An old time citizen of Massillon, now a resident of Youngstown, Mahoning county, in a late letter to his friend in this city says: "The DAILY INDEPENDENT is a nice, newsy paper, the print beautiful. It deserves the support of your city. I am well pleased to see the citizens of Massillon so full of enterprise

in regard to the obtaining of natural gas and hope you will be successful, for it is a great blessing. We have an abundance in this city. I have used it in my house for about five months, and could not be induced to go back to the use of coal if I could get it gratis."

AMUSEMENTS.

THE LADIES QUARTETTE CLUB.

Mrs. Nellie Palmer certainly has one of the finest voices we ever heard. She sang her selections in the most artistic style, and our people were perfectly delighted and some—our young men of course—were enchanted. There is great sweetness and volume in her voice, and our people will give her a cordial greeting at any time.—Philadelphia Times.

MISS BENSBERGER.

Miss Kate Bensberger took the part of Martha, and made an exceedingly pretty role of it. Her voice bears evidence of careful and finished training. She sung charmingly, with pure, fresh tone, facile execution and warmth of feeling. For her beautiful rendition of "The Last Rose of Summer" she was honored with a recall. Miss Bensberger has youth and beauty, linked with charming chic, grace and vivacity, and she has a bright future before her.—Louisville Commercial.

AT THE BUCKEYE HALL.

The Knights of St. John received the Knights of St. George, of Akron, as their guests last night, and a very successful entertainment was given by them in Buckeye hall, formerly Walhonding rink. The Harmonia band headed the two organizations as they marched to the hall, and gave a pleasant concert afterward on the corner of Main and Prospect streets. Inside the hall a drama was produced, called "The Robber Knight," after which some fine drilling was done and the evening wound up with a dance. The Akron visitors brought ladies with them, and a good time was enjoyed all by all.

A GOOD SHOW COMING.

In these days of tinsel and parade, when, as is too frequently the case, the main attraction of a show is on paper and in the processions on the street, it is gratifying to have an entertainment visit us with a reputation so general for merit and excellence as that of Wallace & Co.'s great world's menagerie and international circus. It has the enviable record of presenting a multitude of the best acts and features ever exhibited under canvas, and of exhibiting a large collection of the rarest animals and birds known to natural history. This exhibition will be in Massillon, Saturday, May 28th.

A CLEVER DODGE.

What Massillon May Expect Pretty Soon.

The Akron Times says: "The United Lines Telegraph Company has been doing business in this city about two weeks, being the only competitor of the Western Union. The rates of the new company are considerably below those charged by the Western Union. All its messages are entitled to twenty words, while the latter allows but ten. Monday morning the W. U. office hung out a blue placard labeled "Mutual Union Telegraph Office." To a reporter who called at the W. U. office the operator said that the "Mutual" is practically under the same management as the W. U.; that the W. U. transmits its messages over any of its lines and in fact that it is the same thing as the W. U. itself, with the exception that the "Mutual" has lower rates. The opening of such an office here by the W. U. people simply means a cut in rates, under the guise of another name. If a person enters a W. U. office and writes a message to New York upon a W. U. blank ten words will cost 40 cents; but if he uses a "Mutual" blank the message will cost but 20 cents, although sent over the same wires and by the same service. The "Mutual" office exists only at those places in which the W. U. has competition and although it is not a new establishment, having been in existence for some time, no "Mutual" business was ever before accepted at Akron."

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of Abbie Lodge, No. 10, Daughters of Rebecca, held at Odd Fellows' hall, Tuesday evening, May 17, 1887, the following resolution were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, the supreme ruler of the universe, to remove from our midst by death our worthy and beloved brother, V. R. King, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to an All-wise Providence, we will ever cherish in memory his noble qualities and his untiring zeal in behalf of our order.

Resolved, That we, his sisters and brothers, who survive him, unanimously join in commendation of his virtues and cover his imperfections with the mantle of brotherly love.

Resolved, That in life Brother King was an honorable and upright citizen, a devoted and loving husband and father, and an earnest and respected member of our order.

Resolved, That Abbie Lodge, No. 10, as

a body, extend to the family and widow of our deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in their sad but unavoidable affliction.

Resolved, That the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days.

Resolved, That the above preamble and resolutions be spread upon the lodge records, a copy be presented to the family of the deceased brother, and also be published in the MASSILLON INDEPENDENT and Massillon American.

MRS. L. A. KOONS,
MRS. CHAS. HIGGINBOTHAM,
MRS. H. WAGONER.

PICKPOCKETS

Relieve Mr. E. H. Folger of His Watch.

The unveiling of the soldiers' monument, erected by the munificence of the late Major Kaldenbaugh, is represented to have been a grand affair. The crowd of persons there was simply immense. Of course the *chevaliers d'industrie* were there plying their vocation and among other victims relieved citizen R. H. Folger of a valuable gold watch, purchased at a time when watches were much higher in price than at present. Mr. Folger feels the loss of his present keenly, as it was a gift 1876 from his friend, Hon. Warren Dutton, of San Francisco. The watch was No. 42,607, with a compensation balance adjusted to heat and cold, manufactured by E. Howard & Co., Boston. On the cap was engraved, "From Warren Dutton (or W. Dutton, Mr. Folger is not certain of the precise wording of the engraving) to R. H. Folger, July, 1876." Mr. Folger offers a reward of twenty-five dollars for the watch and no questions asked. As the watch can be duplicated now for one hundred dollars, the reward is liberal.

AT NO. 3.

No Gas Yet—Down Six Hundred and Forty Feet.

There were plenty of callers at gas well No. 3 to-day, all hoping to be present at the critical moment. But the critical moment refuses to come, notwithstanding predictions and statements which are plentiful. At 3 o'clock this afternoon a depth of six hundred and forty feet had been reached, thirty feet deeper than the point at which gas was found at No. 1. The material pumped from the hole is strongly impregnated with oil, but those are the only indications thus far noticed. The drilling is being done cautiously, as gas may be struck at any time.

A Great Event for New Philadelphia.

Yesterday was a great day for New Philadelphia, probably the most remarkable in the history of the town. The resources of the C. L. & W. railroad, the principal line entering the place, were taxed to the utmost, and the crowd is estimated at about 8,000. The people of New Philadelphia were about as greatly surprised with the success of the event as any of the visitors. The occasion was the dedication of the handsome Kaldenbaugh soldiers' monument. Grand Army posts were on hand from all directions, and the procession was very long. Speeches were made by Major McKinley, John A. Bingham and others, which were listened to by all who could get within hearing distance.

John Wilkes Booth's Body.

"The stories about John Wilkes Booth are very absurd," says Mr. Louis Dietrich, an old Washingtonian. "I have heard people throughout the country say that Booth was never killed or captured, and the body which was brought to Washington was a dummy. When his body was brought here on the gunboat I wanted to see him, but it was almost impossible to get a chance. I thought of all schemes to get on board, and at last went to my friend Mr. Todd, of the army, and asked him how I should get to see the body. He said: 'We are to make a post mortem examination to-morrow in the afternoon. You come to the boat and tell the guards you have a message for me. I will be on board and will tell them to send you to me, as I am expecting you.' I did so and was admitted. Just before the post mortem examination Mr. Todd lifted the big tarpaulin that was laid over the body on the upper deck and showed me the face of the dead man. It was calm and peaceful as a baby's, and it was John Wilkes Booth. It is all nonsense to say that he was not there. I saw him and touched his head. It was cold and dead, and it was Booth. I know what I know and I saw the man lying there. The gunboat was anchored between the arsenal and the navy yard, but nearer the yard than the arsenal."

Among the other absurd stories told about Booth was one to the effect that his body had been sunk in the eastern branch of the Potomac at midnight and that no one knew where it was. That was as false as everything else they told. His body was buried in the old penitentiary ground, where the arsenal now is, together with those of the other conspirators—Harold, Paine, Mrs. Surratt and Atzerodt. There the body laid for ten years, until it was finally disinterred and carried to Baltimore and buried beside that of his father in the family burying ground.—Washington Cor. Kansas City Times.

Some One Must Lead.

A Vermont joker claimed that he had felt an earthquake, and in two hours he had 3,000 people ready to swear that their dishes rattled on the shelves. Some one must always lead in these matters.—Detroit Free Press.

A pile of imitation silver dollars on a tray is one of the new designs in ornamental tukstands.

EDITOR O'BRIEN MOBBED.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES ON THE STREETS OF TORONTO.

The Tenants' Champion and His Friends Assailed by a Mob and Terribly Beaten With Stones and Bricks—Mr. O'Brien Finally Seeks Safety By Flight.

TORONTO, May 20.—Messrs. O'Brien, President Mulligan and Secretary Cahill, of the local Land League; Mr. Wall, reporter of the New York Tribune; Tenant Kilbride and Mr. Teffy, of the Land League, left the Rossin house for a walk about 8 o'clock last night. They were accompanied by two policemen. An immense crowd followed, hooting, groaning and cheering. At Bay street, where there is a macadamized road, the mob began stoning Mr. O'Brien and his party. Editor O'Brien was struck between the shoulders and fell. He was quickly on his feet, and endeavored to enter one of the neighboring houses, but the door was locked. He was again struck with a stone and brought to his knees.

Wall, the reporter, was struck on the head close to the temple and badly hurt. Mulligan was struck on the cheek and Cahill on the head, receiving an ugly wound. The policemen did not escape, Sergeant Adair receiving an ugly cut on the head. The policemen charged the crowd, who, taking advantage of this occurrence, made a rush upon O'Brien. Two men seized him, but before they could injure him the policemen rushed upon them. O'Brien then started down Bay street, stones flying thickly around him, one striking him on the head. He took refuge in the shop of Thomas Lalor, a blacksmith, where several men were at work. The crowd immediately began pelting the shop with stones, and in a few minutes every window was broken and several bicycles smashed. Lalor took O'Brien out into a lane by a rear door, and they made their way to the Rossin house.

They were shortly after joined by the others of the party and their wounds were dressed. A few of the crowd were also struck with stones thrown by their friends. Hooting, yelling and groaning were kept up in front of the Rossin house nearly all night. About midnight 100 young Irishmen marched up King street, headed by a file corps, and cheered at the Rossin house, and then marched to Lalor's shop, where three cheers were given. They were followed by a Loyalist crowd, but a large body of policemen were on hand by this time and prevented a collision. Said Mr. O'Brien, after he reached the hotel: "Lansdowne has now done his worst. His policemen absolutely surrendered to the mob, and had we not taken refuge in the bicycle shop we would have been killed." Only one of the stone-throwers, a type-writer named John M. Crowley, was arrested. Mayor Howland is disposed to look upon the whole affair as a huge joke. He maintained that he had carried out his promise to guarantee Mr. O'Brien a fair hearing. "Why," said he, "if it had not been for what I did, for the great force of policemen I had on hand, the O'Brien party would have been swept off the face of the field. O'Brien must regret he has come, and ought to be thankful that he got away so easily."

The morning papers generally condemn last night's outrage upon O'Brien. The Globe, under the heading, "Burning Outrage," says: "The brutal, unprovoked assault upon O'Brien yesterday may provoke serious results. Intolerance has risen to a pretty pitch of insolence when a cheer is answered by bludgeons and stone throwing. If such a method of retort be not visited with the severest penalty that can be legally imposed, this town will see Belfast riots before long and suffer enormous losses. There would be some slight cause in the ordinary state of affairs for the lenient treatment of men resorting here at the name of the queen, but there is no ground for mercy to those ruffians who undertake to knock down citizens for cheering any man's name, no matter who he be. The ruffians of yesterday doubtless effected what the influence and courage of O'Brien vainly attempted. They have thrown over to him the volume of public sympathy, which he would not have otherwise obtained. He stands now identified with the cause of free speech in Canada, of freedom to walk the streets, of freedom to indicate opinions, and those common rights must be indicated at any cost."

The Globe gives the Irish Catholics great praise for generally preventing further demonstrations. It says: "When their natural sympathy with any champion of tenants is fairly considered it must be acknowledged they have displayed great consideration for the governor general, and great respect for public opinion. They stood up as the governor general did, for the right of free speech, and it is a foul shame that the refusal of that liberty by one crowd of hoodlums should have been followed up yesterday with violence from another crowd. They could not be satisfied with O'Brien's moral defeat, but must try to break his head with stones. Force is a favorite remedy; it is also a remedy much employed by law, and what must now be shown is that the forces of the law can jail and fine most impressively the forces of anarchy."

The Mail says: "The mobbing of O'Brien and his friends on the streets last night was a barbarous and disgraceful act, and the police who have behaved so well under the trying circumstances should leave nothing undone to bring the blackguards concerned in the outrage to justice."

Editor O'Brien and Mr. Kilbride left for Ottawa at 8:35 this morning. Only a few people were assembled, and there was no disturbance.

Long after the telegraph office had closed for the night last night, and just as Mr. O'Brien was about to retire to rest, he was wakened up by six members of the Dominion parliament, who expressed their deep sense of sorrow and shame at the occurrence of the disturbance, and assured the Irish orator of their sympathy with his mission. Mr. O'Brien received them courteously and with a cheerful laugh said, "I am not at all sorry now that it is over. Of course, I suffered a little, but that is nothing when we take into account that it will injure Landlord Lansdowne's case more."

Riot Expected at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 20.—Delegations of Orangemen from Carleton and Ottawa lodges have decided to prevent Mr. O'Brien from speaking. The Irish insist he shall be heard, and the prospects of a serious row are hourly increasing. The police seem dead to the danger, and profess that no precautions need be taken. The demonstration in favor of Lord Lansdowne last evening lacked enthusiasm.

O'Brien Will Speak in Hamilton. HAMILTON, Ont., May 20.—A lecture by William O'Brien has been arranged in a roller rink here for Monday evening next. There will be an immense crowd, as great interest is taken here in his tour in Canada.

They Will Discriminate. OTTAWA, Ont., May 20.—The government will make allowance for iron importers who have entered into contracts previous to the imposition of the new duties, and will allow consignments to come in under the old tariff.

OTHERS WANT SOME.

Banker Williams' Work of Reconstitution Not Yet Finished.

New York, May 20.—The New York creditors of George W. Williams, the wealthy banker of Charleston, S. C., are anxious to learn the true inwardness of the transactions recently reported, in which Mr. Williams paid to Daniel Hand, of Connecticut, \$648,000, the principal and interest of a sum entrusted to Mr. Hand by Mr. Williams twenty-five years ago, but for which Mr. Hand had no legal claim. If the transaction is as represented—if Mr. Williams has paid this debt of honor—the New York creditors are hopeful that Mr. Williams will pay the claims they have on him.

They admit that they have no legal claims against him, but according to business morals Mr. Williams is still indebted to them. Mr. Williams was a member of the cotton commission house of Williams & Birney, which did business in this city and which failed in 1878. The liabilities were about \$250,000, and the firm made a settlement with the creditors, paying forty cents on the dollar. The creditors think if Mr. Williams has gone into the business of paying debts of honor, he ought to pay the 60 per cent. of the claims which still remain outstanding. Two or three of the creditors who have called on him have reported him as saying, "Perhaps you may get a check from me one of these days in payment for the old debt."

At the cotton exchange yesterday it was related that two years ago ex-President Hertz met Mr. Williams in Charleston, and told him that it would be to his (Williams') honor and profit if he would pay them old debts. "Do you think so?" asked Mr. Williams. "I know so," returned Mr. Hertz.

Among the New York creditors is Mr. Donnell, the well known authority on cotton and economical questions. He said yesterday that Mr. Williams had a fine opportunity to make himself square with New York, but he (Mr. D.) didn't seem to be very hopeful that Mr. Williams would avail himself of it. He said that at the time Mr. Williams failed in '78 for \$250,000, the latter was worth fully \$1,000,000. As he settled with his creditors at that time, his profits by the failure were about \$150,000, but from this had to be deducted his heavy legal and other expenses, incident to transferring his property to keep it out of the reach of creditors.

Lily Langtry's Troubles.

DETROIT, Mich., May 20.—Vrits of attachment against Mrs. Lily Langtry were issued here yesterday as the beginning of actions brought by theatrical managers at Bay City, East Saginaw, Muskegon and Grand Rapids. The Lily had engagements at all these points which she cancelled, and it is claimed injured the business as well as worked a direct and heavy loss to the managers. In each case there is \$1,000 claimed as damages. The officer into whose hands the papers were placed, visited Mrs. Langtry's car, but she was asleep and entrance was not effected. The plan was to levy upon the many valuable articles of dress and finery carried by Mrs. Langtry in her private car, "Mayflower." When she awoke the whole matter was temporarily arranged by the actress giving bonds to appear here in the suits when the cases are called.

Gone to Canada.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 20.—William J. Langdale, cashier, bookkeeper and collector for Frank Farrell, merchant tailor, No. 101 South Thirteenth street, has departed for Canada, and it is asserted took with him something between \$18,000 and \$20,000 of his employer's fund. A short time after Langdale's flight he wrote Mr. Farrell a letter, which concludes as follows: "If you say so I will return and bear whatever you think I am deserving of; if not, I can only appeal to you to let me live out my life as well as I can." Mr. Farrell says that Langdale is now at No. 151 King street, Toronto, Canada. The books, he adds, are in a frightful condition, and it will take the accountant a week yet to straighten them out. Langdale is thirty-five years of age.

Suicided Through Jealousy.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 20.—Morris Johnson, an employee of the Adams Express company, returned home yesterday evening, and finding his wife in the rear of the house asked her to accompany him upstairs. She made some excuse for not going, and he turned and left. In a few moments he came out again in his bare feet, leveled a revolver and fired. Advancing, he fired a second shot, but a neighbor lady standing near pushed aside his arm, and the ball missed its aim. He then went backing up stairs, placed the muzzle of the pistol to his head and fired, falling to the floor a corpse. Jealousy is supposed to be the cause of the attempted murder and suicide. Johnson was forty years old, and leaves four small children.

Deputy Sheriff Killed.

MACON, Ga., May 20.—Near Cuthbert, Ga., Bailiff Skipper went to a negro cabin to arrest Samuel Snelling for the murder of another negro. He found him lying behind a bed. When ordered to come out, he arose with a pistol in his hand and opened fire. Skipper was instantly killed and one of his deputies badly wounded. As the murderer ran from the house he was fired upon and wounded by the other deputy, but escaped.

Pasco to Be United States Senator.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., May 20.—Ex-Speaker Samuel Pasco was nominated by the Democratic caucus last night by acclamation for senator. This is equivalent to election. The Perry and Bloxam men gave up the fight and compromised on Pasco, who is chairman of the state Democratic committee, and will be elected in joint session.

A Village Burning.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 20.—Fire was reported as raging in the small village of Richville, Genesee county, and Lang's hotel, Nutting's stores and one or two houses adjoining were reported on fire. It is impossible to get further particulars, but it is not thought that the loss can be very heavy.

Horrible Murder By a Boy.

CYNTHIANA, Ind., May 20.—Yesterday Alf Stevens and Harvey Heines, boys aged fourteen and nineteen respectively, got into an altercation, and the former cut the latter three times with a pocket knife, severing the jugular vein and causing instant death. Stevens was arrested.

Passenger Train Robbery.

AUSTIN, Tex., May 20.—It is reported on good authority that an extensive train robbery has occurred near McNeill, two miles from here. Fifty mounted armed men have started from here to pursue the robbers. A passenger on the train was shot and wounded.

Illinois Crop Outlook.

SPRINGFIELD, May 20.—The Illinois crop report for the month of May says that the general condition of live stock is good, but that the meadows and pastures are in poor condition, owing to the dry, cold spring. Farm work is well advanced.

The Queen Stayed in the Hotel.

NEW YORK, May 20.—Queen Kapiolani and the Princess Linokalani remained in their rooms at the Victoria hotel during the morning. Col. Bird and the other gentlemen of the party went out soon after breakfast with friends.

OUR NEW SILK INDUSTRY.

THE WORK OF GROWING SILK FAST INCREASING.

Southern Women Take More Readily to the Work Than Those of the North—A Better Food Than Mulberry Leaves Discovered—Other Washington News.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—That division of the agricultural department which has charge of the distribution of silk worm eggs has been so busy for the past week that they think of organizing a strike and demanding higher salaries. For several years congress has made an annual appropriation for the encouragement of the silk industry in the United States. A portion of this appropriation is used by the department in distributing, free of cost, the silkworm eggs to persons who wish to become silk producers.

Anyone who applies to the department for eggs will receive them, accompanied by a pamphlet containing the necessary instructions for raising worms and producing the cocoons. Then when they have actually produced these cocoons, the same department, with another portion of the fund referred to, will purchase them, paying therefor regular market prices. This obviates one of the greatest difficulties encountered by silk producers in this country, the want of a ready market for their product.

This industry is in a more healthy state now than it has been. More people are engaging in the pursuit every year, and more silk is produced. It is a most pleasant occupation, eminently fitted for women, and they appreciate this fact and are entering the ranks of the silk growers in large numbers. The statistics of the country show that, as the state grows older, there is a constant increase of females over males. This fact shows that as we grow older there will be a constantly increasing number of women forced to support themselves. The culture of silk is peculiarly women's work, requiring no physical exertion and being a clean and neat occupation. In the south, especially, have the women shown their appreciation of the facts just cited. As yet little has been accomplished in the south in the manufacture of silk, the principal reason being that the supply of cocoons is too small and precarious to warrant it. In the east the silk manufacturers have grown and flourished under a heavy protective tariff.

This country will probably never invest the capital in silk culture that France has. It is an undertaking fraught with so many dangers that capitalists will always be loth to put their money into it when there are so many more remunerative channels for investment. The only hope of the industry then is that the wives and daughters of our farmers and other ladies who have unemployed time and want to find some light lucrative employment will devote themselves to the planting of mulberry trees and the raising of silkworms. An advantage in favor of silk production in this country is the large number of orange groves. The leaves of this tree are considered more excellent food for the worms than those of the more generally used mulberry tree. In fact they are considered much better by some experts. The entomologist of the agricultural department says in a recent official publication that from tests he has made he finds that the silk produced by the mulberry fed worm is slightly inferior to and coarser than that obtained by feeding the worms on the leaves of the orange grove.

Reforms in Funerals.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—A movement is being made among the clergy of this city to bring about a number of reforms in the management of funerals. It is designed to check extravagance, display and bad taste; to insist upon sanitary precautions now disregarded, and to bring about other changes. The points at issue are numerous and varied. The clergy are disposed to regard the modern funeral as partaking to much of the nature of an undertaker's advertisement and to have lost its impressive and appropriate character teachings. Some of the matters sought to reform are the great floral and other displays, funeral sermons, public exposure of the features of the dead and public farewells to the dead, Sunday funerals, etc.

Bell Telephone Case.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—Solicitor General Jenks, who is directing the suit of the government against the Bell Telephone company, has learned from District Attorney Stearns that the demurrer filed by the Bell company would be argued June 13. Ex-Solicitor General Goode and G. B. Lowry, of New York, will go on to Boston to take part in the argument for the government. The government council feel very sanguine of success. Whether they win in the lower court or not does not seem so important to them as they should get the case before the United States court as soon as possible, and that is what they are striving to do.

Paper to Replace Gold.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—It is the purpose of the treasury department to substitute paper currency for gold coins as the money of the Pacific coast. Gold is still the principal medium of exchange on the coast states, and it was the belief of Secretary Manning that every effort should be made to secure the circulation of paper money in its place, and a return of the gold to the treasury. After July 1, when the increased appropriations for legal tender notes and gold and silver certificates become available, the experiment will be tried.

The Selfridge Case.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—The action of Secretary Whitney in the Selfridge case has not yet been officially announced. It is understood, however, that Capt. Selfridge is to be restored at once to the command of the Omaha, and that a court of inquiry will be ordered. The navy department does not regard Capt. Selfridge as being to blame.

Government Revenues.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—It is now estimated that the government revenue for the current fiscal year will be greater by \$14,000,000 than contemplated when the official estimates were prepared for Secretary Manning's annual report. The receipts are expected to aggregate \$970,000,000.

Gas at Xenia.

XENIA, O., May 20.—Gas was struck here yesterday at a depth of 181 feet, boring having been done in an old twenty-foot well near Shawnee creek. When the strike was made the water in the well became agitated, and a match was applied. A loud explosion followed and a big blaze. The well is at the paper mills in which Hon. John Little is a big stockholder.

A Cincinnati Floater Found at Aurora.

AURORA, Ind., May 20.—About 10 a. m. the body of a man supposed to be Owen Cunningham, of Cincinnati, was found in the river here. It had been in the water some time. Description: Black hair, light mustache, five feet eight inches high, dressed in jeans pants, plum colored checked coat and vest, apparently twenty years of age.

The Steamer Fulda All Right.

NEW YORK, May 20.—The steamship Fulda floated off the mud at high tide to-day and came up to her dock at Hoboken. She is uninjured.

FISHERY NEWS.

Newfoundland Obtains Entire Control of Her Bait Fishery Forever.

HALIFAX, May 20.—The Canadian fishery cruiser, L'Houlette, which was put out of commission when the new cruiser Triumph was launched a month ago, is to be reded. She will assist the Triumph in looking after trespassers on the western fishing ground. Mackerel struck in on the coast in an immense pool yesterday.

Sir Richard Thornton, premier of Newfoundland, one of the delegates who went to England to press for approval of the prohibitory bill, arrived home at St. John's, N. F., yesterday. Great satisfaction is expressed over the success of the delegates' mission. The Mercury, a government organ, says: "We have obtained entire control of our bait fishery, and that concession once granted can never be withdrawn. It is a great and permanent gain to the colony. Our people will see that their interests are no longer to be sacrificed in order to sustain a friendly understanding with the French. That policy has had its day, but it is now closed."

ANOTHER MONUMENT UNVEILED.

A Shaft Commemorating the Confederate Dead at Hopkinsville, Ky.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., May 20.—The Confederate monument was formally unveiled here to-day with imposing ceremonies. Several thousand people were in attendance. Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, was the orator of the day. Two thousand medals, of elegant design, embossed with the National colors, and especially engraver of New York, were distributed among the guests as souvenirs of the occasion. The place and circumstances of these ceremonies gives the event unusual interest, as this gift is from one of her own citizens.

This monument was presented to the city by Col. John C. Latham, who, at the age of sixteen, entered the Seventh Georgia cavalry, served through the war and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. Soon after the war he settled in New York, where he has prospered greatly as a banker on Wall street, and he now presents this monument to his native place in memory of his dead comrades. The touching sentiment displayed in this act so won upon the city authorities that they unanimously granted the finest lot in the cemetery for the monument, and the citizens, without distinction to party or record, join in the commemoration.

On the front of the shaft are two crossed swords with a laurel wreath. The structure is ornamented with a Corinthian cap stone, bearing on its summit a pyramid of five polished granite cannon balls eighteen inches in diameter. The entire structure is thirty-seven and a half feet in height. At the approach to the monument from the south side is an ornamental entrance of granite eight feet wide. On the posts of the entrance are engraved branches of laurel and oak, and underneath an antique dagger encircled by a wreath of laurel.

FIFTEEN IN THE BAND.

Desperate and Successful Work of Texas Train Robbers.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—A special from Austin, Tex., says: Passenger train No. 502 on the International & Great Northern road was stopped last evening at McNeill Station, a few miles north of here, by fifteen or twenty men, who robbed the express car.

Some fifty shots were fired, and one man was slightly wounded in the hand. Another report says two men were killed. Fifty mounted and armed men are leaving here for McNeill. It is said that there were fifteen men in the party. They first captured the operator before the arrival of the train, and as soon as the train drew in boarded it, attacking the engineer and express messenger. The express was robbed but the amount taken was not ascertained. The mails were not touched. The passengers were held up and a considerable amount was taken, one man losing a gold watch and chain and another a diamond pin.

Interesting Railroad Gossip.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—The Baltimore Sun to-day in commenting on the situation regarding the Baltimore & Ohio deal says: President M. E. Ingalls, of the Big Four road, has gone to Europe, and it is said that he left orders with the depot master of the Grand Central depot in Cincinnati to spike the switch which lets the Ohio & Mississippi trains into that depot over the Big Four tracks on June 30. This is the date which he had set for the Ohio & Mississippi to get out, and this will cut the connection between the Baltimore & Ohio and the Ohio & Mississippi trains at Cincinnati. It is apparent that the Baltimore & Ohio people are not unhappy over the action of President Ingalls, and yet it is not made known how the Baltimore & Ohio is then to get to St. Louis.

Blaine's Program.

NEW YORK, May 20.—The World's August, Me., special says that Mr. Blaine, while on the other side of the Atlantic, will put himself on record as the friend of Ireland. He will visit Gladstone soon after his arrival and will undoubtedly be asked to speak at Home Rule meetings, banquets, etc. These invitations he will accept. After getting Gladstone's appreciation Mr. Blaine, accompanied by Mr. Farnell, will make a tour of Ireland, addressing public meetings, and receive—if the program is carried out—ovations at every hand. There would be no impropriety in Mr. Gladstone calling upon the most prominent citizen in the United States to aid in an issue which is of such importance to so many of his fellow citizens, and certainly none in Mr. Blaine responding.

Sharp Mrs. Langtry.

DETROIT, Mich., May 20.—Eight weeks ago Mrs. Langtry canceled numerous Michigan engagements, but decided to make good her contract with Detroit, and, expecting trouble from disappointed managers in the interior of the state, sold her wardrobe and the proceeds from the Detroit engagement. To-day Clay & Buckley, of Saginaw, got out a writ of attachment for two canceled dates valued at \$1,000 each. The deputy sheriff found nothing to attach except the Lily, and she is already attached.

Think There Will Be an Extra.

CHICAGO, May 20.—In conversation with a reporter for a local paper, last night, Senators Voorhees and Beck expressed the opinion that the president would call an extra session of congress by October 1 to consider revenue taxation.

Cherries are Ripe.

SACRAMENTO, May 20.—The California Fruit Union last evening shipped to Chicago the first car load of cherries. The rate was \$200.

AMONG BREADWINNERS.

NEW FEATURE IN THE CHICAGO BUILDING STRIKE.

The Leaders of the Workmen Propose Suing the Bosses—The Fight Will Be Unparalleled in the History of the Labor Organizations—Other Labor Troubles.

CHICAGO, May 20.—It is asserted this morning that the lookout of the bosses has assumed a new phase, which may end in a very interesting legal controversy. The leaders of the workmen directly or indirectly affected by the pending difficulty have made up their minds to test the legality of the combination of the bosses to prevent the sale of material and determined efforts are being made to obtain the best legal talent to prosecute their case, if they have any. In fact, the probability is that counsel have already been obtained, and are now looking into the matter.

It has been learned that representatives of the various unions of Chicago, and especially of District No. 24, called upon an attorney last Monday, and he declared the case good. The plan mapped out had been to lay the matter before Mr. Grinnell. The supposition is that the state's attorney can not, even if they have done anything illegal, obtain indictments against the bosses, there being no grand jury in session now, and then the labor people intend to procure warrants from a police justice and arrest some of the more prominent bosses.

The attorney was called upon but was non-committal, although admitting that he had been approached on the subject. The labor people are unwilling to talk freely on the subject, but promise some sensational developments soon. The fight will be unparalleled in the history of labor organizations. Ample funds can be secured. The fight is not being made by the bricklayers alone. That organization seems to be inactive. The Trade and Labor assembly, Districts 25 and 57 of the Knights of Labor and the Building Trades council have taken hold of the matter. At its next meeting, it is said, District 57 intends taking steps to see if a claim for damages cannot be sustained against the contractors for forcing out of employment men who had no connection with the strike of the bricklayers or hodcarriers. Some owners have already begun proceedings, it is said, against contractors who have failed to furnish material as contracted for. The matter is treated lightly by nearly all the contractors who were seen.

The Evicted Miners' Troubles.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 20.—The lawyers who have taken up the cases of the eviction of coal miners at Hazlebrook, and who will endeavor to prevent further like evictions, are being backed by the Knights of Labor of this city, who are thoroughly aroused. The criminal act of the police in throwing sick Mrs. Dunlavy into the street when she was unable to leave her bed, has drawn severe criticism from every side upon the heads of the officers, but it is only just to the Pinkerton men here to say that not one of the forces employed by that agency took any part in the eviction. Some of the coal and iron police, who claimed to be connected with the Pinkertons, are disowned by them. The local assembly of the Knights of Labor at Hazleton, Kan., sent emissaries to all the assemblies in the Wyoming coal fields to solicit aid. There are about five hundred men on strike, and many of them are reduced to the limits of starvation. Provisions and supplies have been sent from Hazleton and other surrounding towns, and Hazleton borough has sent a carload of flour and other necessities. Local Assembly 1964, Knights of Labor, with headquarters in this city, held a special meeting last evening and voiced its emphatic condemnation of the company's action in spirited resolutions. No further evictions have been made, but the company has filed in the court house twelve of the "amicable suits in ejectment" which the miners were compelled to sign and may issue the writs of ejectment and evict the tenants at any moment.

Suit Against Importing Labor.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 20.—Much interest is felt among the workmen in this state concerning the suit brought by the government against the Northfield Knife company, of Litchfield, for violation of the United States statutes against importing foreign laborers. It is the first case of the kind in Connecticut, and will be tried shortly in the United States district court. The charge is that the company, in July, 1886, imported fifteen laborers from Sheffield, England, the company's agent having visited England and made separate contracts with the men to come to this country to work at Litchfield. The managers of the knife company had had trouble with their workmen, who had gone out on strike. The English hands state that their passage to the United States was paid by the company. The papers in the suit were served November 4, 1886.

Powderly in Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 20.—General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, stopped in Chicago on his return from Denver. He remained only two hours, which he spent in company with General Worthy Foreman Griffiths. Mr. Powderly said his reception in Denver was most cordial, and when he spoke the Catholic archbishop and nearly all the Protestant clergy were on the platform. Mr. Griffiths says that Mr. Powderly is determined to weed the Anarchists out of the ranks and offered several suggestions touching that point, but what they were Mr. Griffiths declined to state.

The Men Win at Haverhill.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 20.—The shoe-makers' lockout has been broken, and another victory is credited to the Knights of Labor. At a late hour last night a committee representing the Manufacturers' association, held a conference with the local board of arbitration, and the result was an order for the employees of Chick Brothers to resume work as usual, this morning at the prices which were named in the old contract, which expired in July, 1886. Three thousand men who were out resumed work this morning, and all the factories have resumed.

A Strike Falls.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 20.—The strike of the knobblers and puddlers at W. D. Wood's mill, McKeesport, was broken by the men returning to work last night. The strike has lasted ten weeks and resulted in a failure to the employees to establish an amalgamated association lodge at this mill.

Compromised.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 20.—The strikers at Newman's and the Akron Cement works, at Akron, returned to work this morning. An advance of twenty-five cents per day was demanded, but a compromise was made granting twelve and one-half cents.

Two Mail Carriers Arrested.

NEW CONCORD, O., May 20.—James Hill, aged nineteen years, and Rubie Jenkins, aged seventeen, mail carriers here, were arrested yesterday afternoon while at Cambridge for breaking seals on Baltimore & Ohio cars. They were taken to jail at Zanesville.

KOONS & CO.

Rosewater Bros. Triple Extract of Vanilla and Lemon only 10c per bottle.

The Best Screen Doors,

Mortised, with spring hinges, knob and screws, ready for hanging.

\$1.60, Cheap at \$2.00.

Tinware, Rockingham Ware, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery Laces, Ribbons, Jewelry, and Notions of all descriptions cheaper than ever at

Koons & Co's
5 and 10c. Bazar.

Natural Gas

Discovered in Massillon could not create as great an excitement as Dielhenn's

ARCADE

is at present creating with its low prices.

We are making a big drive in our

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Department.

Our \$25.00 Suits cannot be matched in the county for \$30.00. Suits made to order as low as

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J. & H. DIEHLENN,

9 & 11 E. Main, and 2, 4 & 6 S. Erie Sts., MASSILLON, OHIO.

C. F. VON KANEL,

DEALER IN

Watches,

THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill, with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound;
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nellie, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might go—
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day
And Nellie is wed and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound,
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

—Boston Beacon.

A DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS.

What He Says of Muscular Development—Valuable Physiological Hints.

Though once a Scotchman, Director Goldie has been an American for thirty-six years. He says he is 49, but his looks belie him, for they testify that he is not over 35. If the gentle Lycourgos could see him he would embrace him with joy, notwithstanding the slight difference in their methods. For six years Director Goldie was the champion all round athlete of the old Caledonian club. He filled the hall of muscular development at Princeton for sixteen years, and the boys over there pined him with so many questions about this, that and the other that he was forced to study physiology in order not to appear ignorant before his pupils. It made him one of the best of the common sense physiologists in the United States, and he came to his new post at the New York Athletic club house as well equipped for his duties as any man in the world.

"My rule," he says, "is to take the material that comes to my hands and improve it in the natural way."

That is the whole science of modern athletes. Lycourgos did not do that. He took the pick of the lot every time and compelled them all to do one way. Professor Goldie permits his 300 to do 300 ways.

"I can't watch 'em," he declares, "and there's no use making absurd rules that men are not going to keep."

Spoken like a champion.
The chief trouble with athletes in America," he continues, "is that they overdo athletics. We cannot do the work here that is done in England. It takes more out of us to resist the climatic changes and influences. We are a nervous people, yet we persist in living at high pressure all the time, thus rendering ourselves the more nervous. Americans are forever trying to do their best. It is a great mistake."

"In what other way can you tell what's in a man?"

"By his general methods and condition. I'll give you an instance. At one of our exhibitions Ford surprised himself by vaulting two inches higher than he had ever gone before. I was not surprised. I knew it was in him from what I had seen him do at practice. He never outdid himself in exercising."

"And as for running?"

"The same rule. I never care to see a man do his best before the race. Under no circumstance should he be permitted to test his speed within twenty-four hours of the contest."

A certain well known turfman of this city tries his horses in the morning; they go well enough to win everything, but in the afternoon they invariably lose the race.

"How do you train your jumpers, professor?"

"No two men jump alike. Each has a style of his own and I must insist on every man jumping after the manner that comes natural to him, and gradually bringing that style toward perfection. I have seen excellent jumpers ruin their chances forever by imitating the style of some one whom they admired. The same is true of running. We must not force a man to change his stride too radically. He must be taught how to toe the line and start promptly and with advantage at the sound of the pistol shot—a feat more difficult than the novice would imagine. In sprint races the start is of the utmost importance; an advantage gained in getting away often wins a race."

"What hours do you recommend for taking exercise?"

"Two hours before a meal or two hours after. I don't believe that a man should exercise on an empty stomach—unless, of course, he was brought up that way. Never change a man's habits suddenly. Six o'clock dinner is the bane of athletics in America."

"How about food?"

"Eat any sound food you like and that agrees with you. I like oatmeal and thrive upon it. It might make you sick. If so, don't touch it. You know what is good for you far better than I do."

"Is the shower bath good after exercise?"

"If the water isn't too cold, yes. Never go to extremes. Many constitutions cannot stand the shock of a cold plunge. I think tepid water is best, as a rule."

—New York Tribune.

Dust in the Stores.

While they are advocating the laying of the dust in the streets, I wonder that some one does not take up the dust nuisance in the stores. Every afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, the floors are swept and the clerks breathe an atmosphere of dust that is sometimes frightful and always unpleasant. It is just the hour of the day when sweeping should not be done, as the employees are exhausted after the day's work, the air is close and dry, and the heat great, for there is not much ventilation in a large store. No matter if the floor is sprinkled, a cloud of dust always flies up and settles upon the counters. Often the man who sweeps out wears a sponge over his mouth and nose to prevent coughing.—Lady Clerk in Globe-Democrat.

Tennyson and His Trees.

I saw the poet to the best advantage, under his own trees and walking over his own domain. He took delight in pointing out to me the finest and rarest of his trees—and there were many beauties among them. I recall my visit to Whittier at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, a little more than a year ago, when he led me to one of his favorites, an aspiring evergreen, which shot up like a flame. I thought of the graceful American elms in front of Longfellow's house, and the sturdy English elms that stand in front of Lowell's. In this garden of England, the Isle of Wight, where everything grows with such lavish extravagance of greenness that it seems as if it must bankrupt the soil before autumn, I felt as if weary eyes and over-taxed brains might reach their happiest haven of rest.—Dr. Holmes in The Atlantic.

Different Styles of Checks.

"The style of a check," said a bank cashier to a reporter, "is often a pretty good indication of the character of the firm or individual that makes it. The newer the account of a man in a bank the bigger his checks, is an almost invariable rule. A man who has millions—men, for instance, like Armour and Marshall, Field and Pullman—use small checks, or, at least, medium sized ones. They are made of good paper, but they are quiet and businesslike. But Pumpkin, Hayseed & Co., who run a shingle mill in Michigan, and who have only been banking for a few months, have pictures and their names spread over big colored checks that look like three sheet posters. On country checks nearly always there is a picture in one corner of the building occupied by the man whose name is signed at the bottom, sometimes a print of his daughter or his wife adorns the paper, and then his own countenance is at the margin. Then he has his name printed in big black letters over half the check, and his address over most the rest, and in the middle, in little letters, there is the name of the bank in which he has his money. The banks supply check books to their customers, but most people have their own printed."

"Sometimes the boys, when they are not doing anything else, amuse themselves by drawing pictures on the checks, and the bald headed president of the Oshkosh Incubator company, who has put a reproduction of his classic features where it will attract attention, finds to his surprise, when the check is returned, that he has a beautiful head of auburn hair, and that his lonely but unique single chin whisker has been joined by an elegant pointed mustache and James Russell Lowell sideburns. If his daughter's face is at the top, her form, clad in stylish garments and with a bustle like a bay window, is added. This makes a bank clerk's life worth living. But you can put it down as a pretty sure thing that when a firm is in the country, or is starting a fake business with plenty of wind in the city, it will spread itself on checks, but if it is a solid house of good standing and heavy backing the chances are that its checks will be almost severe in their modesty."—Chicago News.

Carnegie's Cure for Sickness.

"Nobody need be seick," explained Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire, "if he takes precautions and possesses a moderate degree of good health. This malady is often a bugaboo which people assume. The best medical authorities contend that maldy is an affection of the brain and spinal marrow rather than the stomach, and is, after all, only the effort of the brain to accustom itself to the motion of the ship and the sound of machinery. It follows that will power is a large factor in warding off the dreaded illness. Make up your mind to be well, and after you are under way take a small powder of bromide of soda, which your chemist will prepare in proper doses, put it in half a glass of water and renew the dose whenever you feel the slightest symptoms of nausea. Your effervescent salts before breakfast will do the rest of the preventative cure."

"In any case, keep on deck as much as possible, dress too warmly rather than too coolly and walk the deck an hour or two daily, rain or shine. Avoid over eating the rich food with which ocean steamers are invariably stocked. There is no occasion to change your mode of life as to diet, because you are on the water, unless you have been extravagant; then let it be less so. Eat regularly and aim to ingratiate yourself with your fellow passengers at table. You are all at the mercy of the treacherous waves. Surely, then, haughtiness or surliness is absurd; in fact, I would recommend three arbitrary ingredients for securing good moral, mental, physical and social results, and these are good nature, will power and bromide of soda."—New York Letter.

Mineral Springs and Their Uses.

The waters of many mineral springs possess decided medicinal virtues and are capable of doing great good in cases to which they are adapted. Some of them are not properly medicinal at all, but the encouragement to take large amounts of fluid into the system, given visitors who have been impressed with their alleged magical power over disease, causes even these to be beneficial. But vast numbers annually resort to such watering places and subject themselves to discomfort and expense in whose cases the waters do no good, and, it may be, positive harm. This is especially true of springs situated at great altitudes, and those where bathing enters into the medical treatment, and forms a most important part thereof.

It may easily be seen how the "medicine habit" is made to extend itself to this class of remedial agents. In health, and when the expense of a residence at such places is not a burden, "the springs" of almost any variety, provided the sanitary conditions are not too bad, are calculated to do much good. The tired business man and the lady jaded by society duties and pleasures there find a much needed relaxation. The artificial compounds to be found in every city are nearly as efficient as health restorers, but they should not be taken without discrimination or without definite object.—Globe-Democrat.

Peculiar Effect of Blue Glass.

During the blue glass craze of a few years ago Mrs. Ruth Smith, of this city, gave the matter her serious attention. Being a widow of wealth, she caused to be built on the southeast corner of her house a room composed entirely of blue glass, into which the sunlight streams during the entire day. Mrs. Smith wears blue glass spectacles, dresses in blue silk and has her meals brought to this novel room on dishes of blue glass, where she eats, sleeps and lives. It is stated that she has not been out from her glass home more than ten minutes at a time in eight years, during which period she has never felt a pain or an ache of the slightest description.

Her neighbors state that not a perceptible change has taken place in her features during the period of her novel method of living, and her wonderful preservation and good health have led many to believe that there is more virtue in blue glass than the general public is willing to concede.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bringing a Waiter to Time.

A traveler obtained a satisfactory breakfast at a southern hotel in an ingenious manner. Having called for different items on the bill of fare with the unflinching result of hearing, "All gone, sah," he fixed a stern look upon the colored waiter and exclaimed in deep tones: "Do you know where you will go to when you die?" The waiter trembled and did not reply, but he turned away, and with dispatch brought out a smoking breakfast of chicken and other features of a good meal. It seems that he had reserved these delicacies for himself, but had been touched by superstition to produce them for the traveler.—Chicago Times.

THE MIND CURE.

WHAT IS ASSERTED BY THE APOSTLES OF THIS OPTIMISTIC CREED.

The System Held in High Esteem at Ancient Athens—Mind and Matter. Nervousness and Hysteria—A Hopeful Sign—Semi-Invalids.

Shakespeare, the Universal, seems to have formulated the theory of the new school of healing when he makes Hamlet say that "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." Perhaps we should not speak of that system as "new" that would appear to have been to high esteem at ancient Athens, and that had an extraordinary vogue in the east at the beginning of our era. At first thought the present interest and excitement in the subject seem unreal and anachronistic. But, after all, is it not natural and fitting that the mind should be most easily and absorbingly occupied by matters pertaining to the mind itself?

To accept the doctrine of the mind cure, as we understand it, is to believe that health, sanity and virtue are the normal attributes, the birthright possession, of man. Disease, dementia, sin, are negative conditions which it is weak, dishonorable and sinful to harbor. "Refuse to believe in illness, deny pain, resist weakness," say the apostles of this optimistic creed, "and illness, pain and weakness vanish, because they exist only in your thought of them. Suffering is simply that state of mind that makes you imagine that you suffer. You have only to get above suffering."

The influence of mind over matter hardly needs assertion. The old illustrations of the moral philosophers alone are proof enough. The miner dying of fright on finding his sustaining rope too short, in the pitch dark mine, with his feet in reality six inches from the ground; the blindfolded man fainting in the belief that he was bleeding to death, when only warm water was trickling down his arm; the workman undergoing the horrible manifestations of cholera because he was told falsely that a cholera victim had just died in the same bed—show the effect of belief. The madness of the insane, which is but a perverted and exaggerated will power, gives them the strength of a dozen sane men. And quite lately the shock of the earthquake in the Riviera roused a bedridden woman to rush down four flights of stairs to the safety of the street.

WHAT THE LANCET SAYS.

Even The London Lancet, which is nothing if not conservative, asserts that in some cases mind has such an effect upon an organic disease as to cause new and healthy formations. This, it will be seen, goes far beyond the old admission that "nervousness" and "hysteria" were subject to mental influences. There is no doubt that the tendency of the medical profession has been decidedly materialistic, and that any leaning toward spiritual methods, as shown in "magnetism," "hypnotism," "clairvoyance" and their like, has been made at once disreputable, so that any germ of truth they may have possessed was smothered out of sight. Yet the little we know of the potency of the mind over the body shows us that there must be an illimitable field for its action, if we could but find out how to set it at work. And it would seem that our help must come chiefly from within, not from without. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

It appears to us a hopeful sign of a more wholesome life that large classes of women take time and spend money to hear this theory of the reality of spiritual existence expounded. After the poet, they are discovering that "soul is form, and doth the body make." They are semi-invalids. They have suffered. They have allowed their thoughts to dwell upon their pains and limitations until these have come largely to fill their mental horizon. Their talk is of sickness. Even young girls, among the well to do and idle classes, compare symptoms and suggest diagnoses as staple topics of conversation. Nothing could be worse, it seems to us, on the score of good taste or of good health. As dwelling upon one's griefs magnifies them, so dwelling upon one's pains magnifies them. If the mind cure can be made to work upon these subjects it must restore to activity energies worse than wasted; it would save time and money; it would make a gray world into a joyous one; it would multiply past calculation the sum of human happiness.—Harper's Bazar.

A Wide and Suggestive Field.

Mme. Janaschek's success is unquestionable, for she is Meg Merilles even in the respect of hardly having even to make up for the part, and because a warp of imagination, a susceptibility to superstition and a collective feebleness of aged powers are a gift from nature or a contribution by time of precisely the qualities which art would have to supply to others filling the role. I know of no other instance than this one in which the weight of mental and bodily failure which prescribes a retirement from the stage has been organized into a feat which insures a definite continuance upon it.

The field it opens is wide and suggestive. Consumptives can be cast for Camille. Starving and emaciated actors can be cast for the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." From old men's homes Adams can go forward with Orlando can be drawn. The Fat Man's club can keep a line of Falstaffs, in whom, however, all the lines are curves. The opponents of high license can fill out orders for any number of Sir Toby Belches. Tramps could be utilized as gypsies and rabble and other lay property, while Roman citizens and policemen would no more have to be recruited from fatigued draymen and tired longshoremen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Construction of Tornado Caves.

In some localities tornado caves are beginning to be regarded as a part of the necessary equipment of every dwelling and farm. The construction of a cave deserves serious consideration, and it is encouraging to see experts giving their attention to the matter. Recently a Burlington, Ia., company offered a prize of \$200 for the best design of a tornado cave. There were 121 competitors and the award was made by Lieut. Finley, of the United States signal service. The Burlington Hawkeye published sketches of the cave and estimates its cost all the way from \$154 to \$345. The suggestion is made that these shelters should be equipped with everything necessary for the comfort of their occupants.—Atlanta Constitution.

Women as Meat Inspectors.

A French woman's rights journal, the Citoyenne, suggests that the places of inspectors of meat markets should be given to women. Women, it says, buy the meat and cook it, and should therefore know more about its quality than the inexperienced gentlemen who are sometimes appointed.

OPERA HOUSE!

Tuesday Evening,

May 24th.

GRAND CONCERT!

BY THE

Ladies' Quartette Club.

Miss Flora Williams, Soprano
Mrs. Nellie Sweeney-Palmer, Contralto.
Miss Mary Bankard, Mezzo-Soprano.
Miss Sara Sweeney, Pianist.
In selections from Wagner, Chopin, Mendelssohn, &c.
Tickets, 25, 35 and 50 Cts.

Joe Deutsch,
Cutter,

WITH

Hookway & Foltz,

Merchant Tailors,

CLOTHIERS,

And Gentlemen's Furnisher.

The Cheapest Place in the City.

SUITS

All Wool to order from \$18.00 up.

PANTS

All Wool to order from \$5.00 up.

22 East Main St.

Newsboys Wanted

TO SELL THE

Daily Independent.

J. C. LOWE,

The Tailor

HAS JUST RECEIVED

ELEGANT LINE

—OF—

Spring & Summer

GOODS

In all the latest shades and makes, at

Prices Lower Than Ever.

Second Floor.

OPERA BLOCK.

LOST.

LOST—Thursday, somewhere between the corner of Akron and Cherry streets, and Win. Jones saloon. The route taken was west on Cherry street to Mill, south on Mill to Main. It was a beer book, containing invoices, and a receipt from Ph. Blumenschein. In the receipt two \$5 bills and one \$2 were wrapped. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at the INDEPENDENT office.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Bicycle, Electric Columbia, 34 inch, full nickel, and in first-class condition in all respects. Will be sold at one-half the original cost. Inquire at the office of Warwick & Justus.

WANTED.

GOOD STRONG GIRL for Laundry Work. Apply to Massillon Steam Laundry.

LUTZ & GRAZE,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Early Vegetables.

23 East Main Street.

THE DAILY INDEPENDENT

HAS COME TO STAY.

It is owned in Massillon, printed in Massillon, by men who have homes in Massillon.

It is here to advertise Massillon, to contain all the news of Massillon, and is intended to be a public convenience for Massillon.

Advertise in it. Subscribe for it. Read it.

It is so small that it can grow, and it proposes to grow.

The Union National Bank.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, President.
JAS. B. HUNT, Cashier.

Does a General Banking Business.
South Erie Street,
MASSILLON, OHIO.

PHIL. BLUMENSCHIN, Manufacturer of Fine Cigars, Retail Dealer in Cigars, Snuff, Articles, News Dealer, Candies, etc. Factory over Arcade Clothing Store, corner Main and Erie streets.

Retail Store, Hotel Conrad.

ADVERTISE

—IN THE—

MASSILLON DAILY

INDEPENDENT.

COLEMAN,

The Reliable JEWELER,

Has just received a splendid stock of

New Goods!

Call and see the

Boom in Watches.

A solid Gold American Stem Winder

FOR \$22

A genuine Diamond Ring

FOR \$8.00, AT

COLEMAN'S.

Agents for the Celebrated

RUDGE

Bicycles and Tricycles.

F. J. Keller & Co.,

NO. 2 E. MAIN STREET.

FINE

Chewing Tobaccos

A SPECIALTY.

The stock always on hand includes:

Sweet Russet,

Extra Fine Fountain,

BOMB SHELL,

Quality and Quantity,

MAGPIE.

Groceries & Provisions

KILLINGER & CO.,
Stoves & Castings,
WEST MAIN ST.

SIPPO VALLEY MILLS!

WARWICK & JUSTUS,

Manufacture Best Grades of

FLOUR.

Ask your grocer for Fancy Patent, either

SIPPO VALLEY

—OR—

SIPPO CHIEF.

Massillon has four railroads, the Ohio Canal, three express companies, a telephone exchange, and will soon have competing telegraph lines.

The Massillon Independent.

Massillon has inexhaustible beds of coal, stone, iron and clay, either within or very near the corporate limits. Massillon coal is the best in the world.

VOL. XXIV—NO. 48.

MASSILLON, OHIO, MAY 20.

WHOLE NO. 1,424.

CHOICE City Property.

There is no better investment to be made than in real estate in Massillon, as the city is bound to grow rapidly and steadily. I have a number of

Finely Located Lots

Comfortable Dwellings

Scattered in the different wards which will be sold upon easy terms. For particulars inquire of

P. G. ALBRIGHT,
German Deposit Bank.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCauley, Attorney at Law, office over Deihlman's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

COLE & REINOLD, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLSON & GARRETT, Attorneys at Law, Rooms Nos. 11 and 12 Opera Block.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public, office second floor, Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$350,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President, C. Steese, Cashier.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block, Deposits in money, notes, bank currency, scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.

PETER MILLER, manufacturer and wholesaler Cigar dealer, factory corner Erie and Tremont streets.

PHIL. BLUMENSCHEIN, wholesale and retail dealer in Cigars, factory a store room No. 59 West Main street.

DRUGGISTS.

W. H. McCALL & CO., Druggists, Prescription work a specialty. Dealers in stationery, blank books and school supplies. A full line of druggists' sundries.

Z. T. BAILEY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio.

DENTISTS.

E. CHIDESTER, Dentist, over Humberger & Son's store, Nitrous oxide gas administered for painless extraction of teeth.

FURNITURE.

J. O. H. OGDEN, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, No. 23 West Main street.

DRY GOODS.

HUMBERGER & SON, dealers in General Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, etc. No. 8 East Main street.

PHYSICIANS.

H. B. GARRIGUES, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M. to 5 P. M., 7 P. M. to 9 P. M.

Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barlick. Near corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence Charles and Hill street, near Methodist church.

H. C. ROYER, M. D., SURGEON, Office hours, 10 A. M. to 12:30 A. M., 12 M. to 2 P. M., 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

D. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practice, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M. Office open day and night.

F. E. SPAMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office hours, 10 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

Office at east end of Rorer Block on West Main St. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors Sash Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

H. E. SNYDER & CO., manufacturers of Novelty Pumps, Stoves, Engines, Mill and Mining Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Tractor Engines, Horse Powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joseph Corne and Son, Proprietors, a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturers Green Glass Hollow Ware Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and general Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1882. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

ALBRIGHT & CO., Cash Grocery and Provision Dealers, Queensware, etc., No. 25 East Main street. Goods delivered free of charge.

TINNERS.

HENRY F. ORRILL, dealer in Stoves, Tinware and General Furnishing Goods, etc. No. 14 West Erie street.

REAL ESTATE.

P. G. ALBRIGHT, dealer in all kinds of Real Estate. Office in German Deposit Bank.

MUSIC.

PROF. C. F. BAUFOR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address box 352, Massillon. Residence, corner of Akron and State streets.

ALL QUIET AT TORONTO.

ORANGEMEN FAIL TO BREAK UP O'BRIEN'S MEETING.

Queen's Park Packed With Thousands of Nationalists, Together With a Few of the Other Kind—Mr. O'Brien Interviewed—A Talk With Lord Lansdowne. TORONTO, May 19.—Yesterday afternoon's reception of O'Brien was calm compared with the proceedings last night, when he made a speech in Queen's park. A crowd of Toronto Orangemen attempted to storm the platform, and, failing in that, to choke off all possibility of Mr. O'Brien being heard, by keeping up a continual din of groaning, hissing and "God save the queen" and "Rule Britannia." It was 4 o'clock when the crowd has about fully collected, and it then seemed a fair estimate to set the number present at 15,000, although people kept pouring in in such floods from all quarters after the meeting had begun that there were times when 20,000 persons would not be an overestimate.

Mr. O'Brien entered the park with 150 policemen in charge. In all the disturbances did not number more than sixty persons, and many of them were armed with sticks. Two sycamore trees in front of the platform were taken possession of by a crowd of young roughs, who hissed out into the speakers' faces during the greater part of the time, until a few powerful men among the Nationalists caught hold of the trunks of the trees and shook the disturbers to the ground. This seemed to anger the Orangemen, who knocked down one or two of the Nationalists with blows of their clubs. The Nationalists in return used their fists very effectively. Police Inspector Archibald and Deputy Chief Stuart, who were in company with Col. Grossett, suited in a most good natured way, and used no effort at all to drive off the rowdies, who pressed with might and main to reach the front of the platform, but in vain. With the exception of a couple of charges by single policemen on horseback, no attempt was made to interfere with the rioters.

Lord Lansdowne's Tenants.

BUFFALO, May 19.—Learning that several ex-tenants of Lord Lansdowne were residents of this city, a United Press reporter gathered from them this morning what they assert is the true situation among the tenants on his lordship's estates. Daniel D. Harnett comes from Kerry county, "Lansdowne ridden Kerry," as they call it, where the greater part of the Lansdowne estate are located and claim to know something about the way the poor tenants are treated by the "Lansdowne leeches."

"The Lansdowne leases are the most outrageous compacts in the whole of Ireland, and the tenants must submit to them in every particular or be subject to eviction. They are enforced with cold-blooded and relentless rigor, and keep the people in a bondage worse than was ever put on slaves. The agent of Lansdowne's keep a constant surveillance over the tenants. Should a family go to mass on Sunday a little cleaner or a little better dressed than usual, up went their rent. It is a crime on the Lansdowne estates in the eyes of their agent for a tenant to live a whit better than a brute. No marriages are permitted without the consent of the agent, and he does not always give his consent. The policy of the Lansdowne's is to prevent marriage because it increases the population and tends to cut up the farms into small lots, and they don't want many people on their estates. The leases also forbid tenants harboring poor people. A violation of any of these provisions in the leases means eviction."

Edward Kelly says there were thirty-seven evictions in his neighborhood before he left, and they were accompanied by heartless actions. The evictors took everything, even to a pot simmering on the stove with a meal. Milk would be thrown on the ground to go to waste rather than the tenants should get it. The rents were excessive, and where other landlords dropped 15 and 20 per cent. Lansdowne would reduce but 5. The policy of Lansdowne has been to exterminate the peasantry and to bring Orangemen from the north to live on the estates.

John Moran's father was evicted just before John left Ireland. He relates some experiences during the great famine year. He saw people starving on every hand, and heartless landlords doing nothing to assist them.

Stephen Fealy says Lansdowne is cursed morning, noon and night by his Listowel estate victims. Herod, he says, was an innocent man in comparison with the tyrant Lansdowne. Thomas B. O'Brien says the cruelties that prevail on the Lansdowne estates is unequalled elsewhere in Ireland. An old woman aged eighty-six years was evicted and her sick daughter-in-law carried out on the road-side. He says it was a pitiable sight to see the aged woman step to her daughter's side and say: "Mavourneen, don't fret. Cheer up. God will provide for us," while the sheriff interrupted with a brutal "Hurry up and get out of here."

The Lansdowne estates in Kerry alone, these tenants say, amount to nearly 120,000 acres.

O'Brien Satisfied.

TORONTO, Ont., May 19.—"What do I think of yesterday afternoon's meeting?" said Mr. O'Brien to the United Press reporters query, "Why I could not have wished that it would have been more successful than it has proven. Of course you know I am accustomed to talk to noisy crowds in Ireland and I was prepared for an adverse demonstration in Toronto. I must confess, however, that individuals composing the crowd were far more boisterous and unmanly than any other crowd I ever attempted to address. They were cited to their course, however, by ministers of religion, who should have known better, and I pardon them freely for their conduct of which I have no doubt, in their sober moments, they will be ashamed. They forgot the fact that I was not talking to the mob which confronted me, but to the world, to every part of which your association, together with other special correspondents, have by this time spread my words."

Mr. O'Brien could not definitely say what his movement would be beyond Friday. He expects to leave here at 8 o'clock for Ottawa, arriving in that city at 7:35 in the morning. He will address a meeting there and one at Kingston on Friday night. He has been urged to speak at Hamilton on Monday, and it is just possible he may accept and return to New York by way of Buffalo.

Interview With Lansdowne.

CHICAGO, May 19.—The News this morning prints the following interview with the Marquis of Lansdowne. Speaking of the controversy between himself and Mr.

O'Brien, he said: "Mr. O'Brien is laboring under deceptive information. I have always been disposed to use my tenants with moderation and justice. I have investigated every case where an injustice was complained of, and I should have continued to do so had not the Land league interfered in my affairs. The statement that has been made that I borrowed money from the British government under the land improvement act of 1881, and loaned it to my tenants at increased interest is wholly untrue. The charges that have been brought against my grandfather, in 1847, of cruel injustice and oppression, are also false. His estates were depleted and his revenues seriously affected; yet, notwithstanding the cause which led to that unhappy year, he paid the costs of the families who desired to emigrate to America out of his own pocket, while those who remained were sustained nearly or almost wholly at his personal expense. I must decline to discuss O'Brien in any way so far as the purpose of his coming to Canada is concerned."

From Dublin's Council.

TORONTO, May 19.—Mayor Howland received a circular from John Barbridge, town clerk of Dublin, stating that the council of that place had passed resolutions, which were forwarded. The first clause stated the general condemnation of the barbarous character of the clearance on the Lugganacavan estate, and the second calls upon all Canadians to vindicate the cause of the oppressed tenants by giving an enthusiastic welcome to the tenants' advocate, Mr. O'Brien. The circular arrived too late to be made public yesterday. The mayor has directed the clerk to answer the resolutions.

EX-GOVERNOR SMITH DEAD.

Death of the Man Who Was Twice Governor of Virginia.

RICHMOND, Va., May 19.—Ex-Governor William Smith died at his residence in Panquaker county, Virginia, at 9 o'clock this morning. Mr. Smith was born in 1797 in King George county, Virginia. He was a figure in the history of his state and of the nation. In his early days he was a mail contractor and because of his repeated demands for extra compensation he grew to be known as "Extra Billy" Smith. He was first elected governor two years ago and when the war was brought to a close he was again chosen governor, having been elected this time because of his fighting qualities as colonel of the Forty-ninth Virginia infantry.

Before the war Mr. Smith frequently represented his district in congress, and he was on the floor of the house when Lincoln was inaugurated. He started everywhere at that time by calling for secession, which he drank on the floor of the house. While governor he was twice the nominee of the Democrats for United States senator, and was beaten first by R. M. T. Hunter and afterward by James M. Mason, by a coalition of the solid Whig minority and the Calhoun Democrats. He canvassed Pennsylvania for Buchanan in 1856, at Mr. Buchanan's urgent request, and made many converts for the Democrats by his ingenious pleas. As a politician he was distinguished more by dexterity than by boldness. As a soldier during the war—he fought on the Confederate side—he was the emblem of valor, rather than of tactical skill. "Fall in, Forty-ninth Virginia," will come back to many a Virginian soldier as he recalls the rallying cry to his regiment of brave ex-Governor Smith.

TRAIN WRECKERS SHOT.

How the Unfriendly Spirit Toward Railways is Being Crushed Out in Mexico. MORELIA, Mex., May 19.—Mexican authorities are showing great zeal in crushing out the unfriendly spirit toward railways in this country. Lately a Mexican was killed near this place by a railway train, and no arrests being made, friends of his retaliated by wrecking the train. Guardsmen were sent out with instructions to bring in all suspected of any complicity in the work. Thirty-three Mexicans were arrested. The train was fastened on three men and under a recent law they were sentenced to death. They were shot yesterday morning at sunrise. The execution was a warning to train-wreckers. The Jefe Politico told the conductors: "Whenever you discover anything on the track, pick up whoever is around and bring them to me. It don't make any difference whether you saw them commit any crime or not; it will be investigated."

Railroads Invading Nebraska Territory. LINCOLN, Neb., May 19.—The Missouri Pacific railway has developed its plans for the invasion of Nebraska territory in the last few days, and the contracts have been closed for construction. Two lines will be constructed in Nebraska—one from Warwick, Kan., to Hastings, Neb., and the other line from Talmage, Otoe county, to Creston, Iowa. Crete the line will continue westward through the counties of Saline, Fillmore and Clay to a connection with the Warwick line to Hastings. This line from Talmage westward strikes through one of the richest and most populous sections of the state, over which the Burlington system has had practical sway for some time.

Refuses to Preach on His Pals. CHICAGO, May 19.—In a struggle with four thieves who were caught burglarizing Schenck and Co.'s packing-house, at Fortieth and Halsted streets, last night, Henry Umbach, a private watchman, captured Jerry Healy, after hammering him almost insensibly with his revolver, and shot one of his three companions who tried to rescue him. The wounded man was carried off by his two comrades, and though tracked for some distance by the blood stains finally escaped. Healy refuses to give the names of his companions.

Tripple Killing.

TALHEQUAH, I. T., May 19.—News has just reached here of what may turn out to be a tripple killing in Flint district, about thirty miles east of here. John Blair, Jim Christie and French Christie were returning from a constabulary shooting, where they had indulged very freely in liquor, when Jim Christie and Blair fell out. Christie shot Blair in the side, mortally wounding him, whereupon Blair shot Jim Christie through the head, killing him instantly. He then turned and shot French Christie through the shoulder, seriously wounding him also.

Strangled by Her Husband.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 19.—This morning Mrs. Martin Peeney, while on her way to work at Naugatuck, was fatally stabbed by her husband, from whom she had been separated at four weeks.

THE COLFAX MONUMENT.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Founder of the Degree of the Daughters of Rebekah Unveiled at Indianapolis, Indiana, With Impositing Ceremonies.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 19.—The monument erected by the Odd Fellows of the United States to the memory of the late Vice President Schuyler Colfax, in commemoration of his services in establishing the degree of the Daughters of Rebekah, was formally unveiled this afternoon with imposing ceremonies. The weather was perfect, and the city was filled with strangers. The proceedings were under the auspices of the grand encampment of the order now in session in this city, and the town is in gala attire in honor of the event. During the morning a large number of lodges, caution's encampment and Rebekah degree lodges from various parts of the state arrived at the Union depot and were received by delegations of the city lodges and escorted to Tomlinson hall, where they were heartily welcomed. The grand encampment met at 9 o'clock, and after a brief session adjourned to participate in the special event of the day.

At noon the procession commenced to form at the corner of Delaware and Market streets, under the direction of Grand Marshal Theodore Pfaff, commanding the department of Indiana, Patriarch Militant. The line of march was east on Market to New Jersey, south to Washington, west to Tennessee, north to North street, east to Meridian, thence south to Vermont, to Pennsylvania streets and around University square to the southwest corner of the park, where a vast crowd had assembled. The proceedings were opened with music, followed by prayer by Grand Chaplain Brewster. Amid prolonged applause and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the monument was then unveiled by Miss Belle Treaster, president of the Convention of the Daughters of Rebekah. The monument was then formally presented to the Grand Lodge by John A. Ferguson, of the local committee, and Grand Master Grant delivered an address of acceptance. John H. White, of New York, grand sire of the Sovereign Grand lodge, then delivered an address, and music and the benediction brought the proceedings to a close.

The cost of the monument was over \$10,000, all of which was contributed by Odd Fellows in amounts varying from fifty cents to \$100. The late vice president first championed the establishment of the Daughters of Rebekah before the Sovereign Grand lodge of 1852, and after his efforts had been crowned with success he wrote the plan. The monument which reached a culmination to-day in the unveiling of the monument was inaugurated shortly after his sudden death, and the amount of money required was secured without difficulty. The sculptor was Lorado Taft, of Illinois. The pedestal is of Oak Hill Maine granite with triangular base, the sides being eight feet two inches in length. The three bases are of the same general shape, with the name "Colfax" on the third base in raised and polished letters. Above the base is a die cup, plinth, and three columns in one terminating in ornamental capitals upon which the statue stands. On the cap immediately above the die are the letters "I. O. O. F." with the three links and other symbols. One side of the die has inscribed in it a bronze medallion of "Rebekah at the Well," while the other two sides are ornamented with granite carvings of encampment and Patriarch Militant emblems. The height of the pedestal is eleven feet eight inches. The statue is of bronze and heroic in proportions, being eight feet in height. The pose is simple and unadorned, representing the deceased statesman with a roll of notes in the left hand, and the right arm hanging in the open palm as though he was pausing in the midst of a speech. On the countenance is the general smile so familiar to the friends of deceased. Mrs. Colfax favored the sculptor with several calls during the progress of the work and expressed herself as being well pleased with the pose and proportions of the figure. The location in the southwest corner of University Park, facing Meridian street church, was granted by special act of the legislature.

Fixed for Life.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 19.—Harry Boggs, alias James Cunn, alias James McGinnis, was tried in the circuit court here yesterday for the theft of \$500 worth of diamonds from S. Leiman & Son. The jury found the prisoner guilty of the larceny charged in the indictment and fixed the punishment at five years in the penitentiary, and also guilty of two previous convictions of felony, under which his punishment was fixed at confinement in the penitentiary for life. Boggs is a celebrated criminal, and was arrested shortly after his assault upon the Rev. Steve Holcombe, of this city.

Won on a Foul.

HAMMOND, Ind., May 19.—William Bradburn and the St. Louis kid last night fought twenty-one rounds, requiring an hour and twenty minutes. The fight was with skin gloves. In the twenty-first round Bradburn was declared the winner on a foul by the kid. It was an even bloody fight all the way through, resulting in both men being badly punished. The fight was under the management of Jack Burke, and was witnessed by 150 Chicago sporting men, who paid \$10 each to see the sport. The mill closed at 10:10 and was finished at about 11:30.

Texas Candidate for Justice Woods' Shoes. AUSTIN, Tex., May 19.—The members of the Travis County Bar association and other friends of Chief Justice Asa A. Willie have forwarded to President Cleveland a formal application or suggestion of Judge Willie's fitness for the place on the supreme bench of the United States, made vacant by the death of Justice Woods. The governor, all the state officials and many citizens have written to the president on the subject.

Florida Senatorial Vote. TALLAHASSEE, Fla., May 19.—The vote for United States senator to-day in joint ses-

sion of the legislature was as follows: Perry, 27; Bloxam, 24; Goodrich, Republican, 10; scattering (Democrats), 15.

Eight Jurymen for the Boodlers. CHICAGO, May 19.—Four more jurors were accepted by the state and the defense in the boodler trial. An additional four are yet lacking to complete the requisite twelve good men and true.

THE DEHAVEN HEIRS.

A Suit Brought Against the United States to Recover Four Million Dollars.

PHILADELPHIA, May 19.—A suit has been instituted by Miss Jane R. Hale, of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, and her sister against the United States for \$4,000,000. They claim that one Jacob DeHaven, a wealthy Frenchman, of whom they are lineal descendants, and who lived near Norristown, Pa., in ante-revolutionary times, loaned the colonial government a half million francs with which to pay the colonial troops during the latter part of the revolutionary war. This amount they say was never refunded, although the claim was allowed by the first congress, but there were no funds with which to pay it. Between 1830 and 1880 a sum was appropriated to pay the debt, but a dispute as to who were the proper claimants delayed the payment of the money and the civil war put a stop to further proceedings in the matter. The sum with interest now amounts to \$4,000,000, and Miss Hale and her sister insist they can prove they are the rightful heirs of Mr. De Haven, who died many years ago.

AN OBJECTIONABLE IMAGE.

The Editor of a Catholic Paper Destroys a Statuette of St. Theresa.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., May 19.—T. T. Coyle, editor of the Southwest Chronicle, a Catholic paper published in this city, created quite a sensation yesterday afternoon, by going to the Alamo with a sledge hammer and smashing to pieces a statuette of St. Theresa. The statuette has stood in the Alamo since 1807. On the breast of the image was a Masonic emblem, consisting of a square and compass. This is what gave offense to the editor, who is a very devout Jesuit, and who was in the Irish company of Pontifical volunteers during the Garibaldi war.

Coyle was arrested, and was interviewed in jail. He said that the statuette was an offense to Catholics, and so intended. He had written Governor Ross to have it removed, and that official replied that he could not order its removal without consent of the city of San Antonio. He stated that it was his intention to blow up the Alamo with dynamite if he could not otherwise secure the removal of the objectionable image.

The Situation at Haverhill.

Haverhill, Mass., May 19.—There is no change to note in the situation of the shoe manufacturers' lockout. At a meeting of the manufacturers held last night a committee was appointed to confer with the Knights of Labor committee in relation to calling for the mediation of the state board of arbitration. The Knights of Labor committee did not desire this mode of settlement and appointed a committee to report on their proposition to the manufacturers' committee, which may lead to a speedy settlement of the present trouble. A private meeting of the manufacturers' committee was held this morning, the result of which has not yet been divulged.

The Mattie Brewery Seized.

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 19.—The big distillery here was served with notice to-day that under the ruling of the supreme court it must close up. About thirty-seven thousand five hundred gallons of beer in casks was seized in Mattie's brewery yesterday, which will be destroyed on notice of the attorney general who deems that all the contents of a brewery are liable to seizure whether bearing government stamps or not.

May Boycott, But Not Strike.

CHICAGO, May 19.—The president of the seamen's union in this city denies that a strike is contemplated by the union men to enforce their demands for better pay, and declared that the union would accomplish its end without resorting to such a course. He intimated, however, that a boycott might be placed upon shippers who sent their freight on vessels worked by non-union men.

Struck Dead By a Thunderbolt.

CANON, Ill., May 19.—Last Saturday three colored men were plowing on this island at Smithland. The sky was clear, with but one very small cloud. From this a sudden thunderbolt struck one of the men named Reachell, on top of his head, killing him. The two others, with their mules, were prostrated, and did not recover consciousness for hours, but were not otherwise injured.

Madame Januscek Seriously Injured.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 19.—Madame Januscek, after her performance here last night, and while visiting one of the members of her company in the Perry house, fell down a flight of fourteen stairs, breaking her right arm and badly bruising her whole body. The accident will cause the abandonment of all her engagements for the rest of the season.

Bell Telephone Case.

BOSTON, May 19.—In the United States district court the time for hearing the argument on the demurrer filed by the defendant in the suit of the United States versus the American Bell Telephone company was fixed for June 3 next. Judge Cole said that he would change the date if any good reason was subsequently shown.

The Southern Press Association. RICHMOND, Va., May 19.—The Southern Press association, embracing representatives of Associated Press papers, met here this morning. W. B. Somerville, of the Western Union Telegraph company's news department, and James Merrihue, general southern superintendent of the Western Union company, are in attendance.

Serious Fire Loss.

HITLERSBURG, Tex., May 19.—Late Monday night, fire which originated in Nicholas's store, by the overturning of a lamp, communicated to an adjoining property and the entire block, with the exception of one building, was destroyed. The losses will aggregate \$120,000 insurance about \$75,000.

Reservoir Banks Again Cut.

TOLLEDO, O., May 19.—Dolance timber men have again cut the reservoir banks, and the water is overflowing the surrounding country. This time the reservoir was cut to float logs on the canal to Defiance. Governor Foraker has been notified of the outrage.

Saved the Expense to the County.

HIGHMORE, Dak., May 19.—Monday night Anders Olsen, the wife-poisoner, in jail here under commitment, hanged himself to a cross-bar of his cell by the aid of a towel. He had made his will, which was found near him.

THE CHAIN GANG GUARD.

The moon-tide sun of a hot summer day beat fiercely down on the convicts at work in the apparently boundless cotton field that belonged to Col. Jefferson Clay.

It was a large plantation, and was almost entirely worked by a force of chain gang convicts, leased to Col. Clay by the state authorities.

As the sun reached the meridian its rays came down so pitilessly, and with such scorching fervor, that the four guards who kept watch over the miserable convicts were compelled to seek shelter under the few scattered pines which dotted little knolls in different parts of the field.

Lazily reclining on the grass, the guards played with their battered old muskets, and kept a keen lookout for the slightest indication of lagging work or insubordination on the part of the eighty prisoners who were engaged in hoeing cotton.

There was little danger of the convicts escaping. A heavy ball and chain were attached to each man and it was difficult to make much headway. The guards were always vigilant, and when it was necessary they had a pack of trained bloodhounds in reserve for the pursuit and capture of fugitives.

Suddenly one of the guards looked at his watch.

"Dinner time!" he exclaimed, and raising a whistle to his lips he blew a keen blast, which was heard all over the field.

The effect was magical. Every hoe fell to the ground, and four squads of convicts were soon sitting in the shade devouring their scanty rations of corn bread, bacon and greens. Forgetting their miseries for a time, these unfortunates revelled in the enjoyment of this rude repast. The clinking of their chains was interspersed with bursts of hoarse laughter over an occasional joke. Such jokes as are never heard outside of a chain gang camp.

During the progress of the meal one of the guards was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a prisoner in one of the squads. Approaching him the guard said in a surly tone:

"See here, Joe, no shamming now; it won't do, you know. No sickness allowed in this camp!"

The convict looked up with a start, looked into the cruel eyes of a cruel face, and saw no mercy there.

"Curse you!" he snarled. "I wonder if you have a heart."

"Think I have?" replied the other nonchalantly, "but that has nothing to do with your case, my friend. Our worthy host, Col. Clay, is of the opinion that a convict never gets sick—he only shams—and as his instructions are to punish every case of shamming with thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, I have nothing to do but to obey orders. You understand?"

The convict looked up into the face of his guard.

The guard looked down into the face of the convict.

Tall and erect, youthful and handsome, making allowance for the cruel eyes and face, the guard, despite his rough jeans suit, looked like a man who had seen better days. And his history did not run counter to his appearance. Five years before Dick Macon had been one of the spoiled darlings of society. The gaming table and the wine cup had sent him down at headlong speed to his present level; had reduced him to the necessity of accepting the position of chain gang guard on Jefferson Clay's convict plantation.

The prisoner, whose keen black eyes were scanning the relentless face above him, was a middle aged man, whose slight frame showed that he was ill fitted to bear the hardships of his situation. His restless eyes, haggard face, trembling hands and husky voice would have awakened pity as well as contempt in the breast of almost any observer.

There was nothing novel in the spectacle to Dick Macon, however, and bringing his musket down with a vicious thump he said:

"You'd better take care, Joe—you'll get a licking before night if you don't get about your work quicker."

Joe bowed his head and muttered:

"Twenty thousand dollars, and I was fool enough to think of giving him half. I'll bide my time."

"What's that?" asked Dick Macon quickly.

"Nothing," answered Joe, with his head still bent down.

"Joe!" said the guard.

"Well!" said the snappish response.

"I want to know, you rascal, what you meant by your allusion to \$20,000."

"Oh, it was nothing," replied the other. "It was mere madness on my part. I meant that I would give half of the \$20,000 that I have securely hidden away if I could once get out of this blasted place."

that their thirsty comrades left behind began to cast wistful glances in their direction.

The loud report of a musket in the neighborhood of the spring plunged the chain gang and the guard into the greatest excitement.

What was the matter? Had Dick Macon fired upon Joe in the act of escaping? Had Joe wrested the musket from Dick and shot him? These were the questions asked among the convicts. The affair was explained in a moment.

Dick Macon made his appearance, running at full speed. He was almost breathless when he came into the gang of prisoners.

"I had to kill him," he gasped. "I was sorry enough to have to do it, but he turned on me all of a sudden with a big stone in his hand, and if I had been a second later he would have killed me."

Some of the prisoners murmured at this statement, but the ominous "click" of the muskets quieted them, and after a brief consultation a trusty was dispatched to the house to inform Col. Clay of the occurrence.

The wealthy convict lessee swore roundly at first, but after a little reflection he said:

"By jove! I'm glad the fellow's gone. He was a heap of trouble—a powerful sight of trouble—couldn't do a fair day's work and always stirring the other men to mutiny—it's the best thing that could have happened."

The trusty returned to the field bearing from Col. Clay the laconic message, "It's all right," and the work of the day went on as usual.

When the prisoners knocked off work at sundown they were marched to the stockade, in which they were always penned up at night, and two men were sent out with a guard to bury the dead man.

No coroner's inquest would raise a stir over so trifling an event as the shooting of a chain gang murderer. A grave was hastily dug near the place where the body lay, and the carcass was dumped into a hole and covered over with dirt.

In a week the affair was forgotten. Matters at the camp moved on as usual, with the exception of the illness of Dick Macon. This young man fell ill without any warning, and after a few days resigned his position, saying that he would have to seek some lighter employment.

The great convict lessee swore at Dick, but finally parted with him in a tolerably good humor. The thought never crossed his mind that the shooting of Joe had anything to do with the illness of the guard and his desire for a change of scene and occupation.

So Dick Macon drew what wages were due him and flitted away one morning, whither no one knew or cared to know.

* * * * *

The season at Bagatelle Springs was at its height. Visitors who had not missed a season for twenty years declared with contagious enthusiasm that Bagatelle had never appeared to better advantage. The hotel was filled with guests and the cottages were well patronized. Fairer women and braver men were never assembled together to trifle away the days and engage in midnight revels.

The gayest of all the gay and high spirited gallants who were the acknowledged lady killers of Bagatelle was unquestionably Mr. Richard Macon.

This young man was a riddle to the few students of human nature who occasionally made him a special study. Young, handsome, possessed of abundant means and regarded with undisguised favor by more than one of the reigning belles, there appeared to be every reason why young Macon should be a thoroughly happy man.

That he was not happy, in spite of his bright sallies, was plain to all who cared to see. The days passed, and Macon was engaged in a continuous round of pleasure. Athletic and proficient in every manly sport and pastime, from a rowing match to a game of croquet, it was not surprising that his time should be fully occupied.

Nobody knew anything against Mr. Richard Macon, and yet there was a feeling of unpleasant surprise in the gay circle at Bagatelle when it was known that the young man had won the heart and a promise of the hand of Irene Murray, the prettiest little blonde beauty at the springs. Still it was difficult to give a reason for this. Miss Murray was an heiress, the only child of a widowed mother who had come to Bagatelle in reality for her health, and not to set her cap for a second husband. But Macon was a handsome, generous fellow, a little moody and queer at times, but in the main genial and clever, and, better than all, the owner of certain winning stocks which paid him fabulous dividends. His antecedents were not known, but he claimed kinship with highly respectable families well known to the social world, and no one questioned his story.

It was the last night of Irene Murray's stay at Bagatelle. On the morrow she and her mother were to return home. The two lovers had much to say to each other, and they preferred to say it away from the glare of the ballroom, and away from the sounds of flying feet and the watering place band.

As they promenade on the spacious piazza of the hotel, Irene said, as her loving eyes rested upon the handsome face of her escort:

"Now, Richard, dear, you will follow us soon?"

"In ten days at farthest, my darling," answered Richard. "I am waiting for a business letter which may call me to New York, but even in that case my stay will be short, and you will see me before you have begun to miss me."

"Richard!" the cry escaped Irene's lips in an agonized tone, as she grasped the necklace and held it to the light.

"Isn't it pretty?" said Richard, with an injured look.

"Oh, merciful heavens!" exclaimed Irene. "Can I be mistaken? No, it is too evident—how did you come by this necklace, Richard? Did you say it was an heirloom in your family?"

"What a racket!" said Richard, turning pale and speaking very rapidly. "Yes, it is an ancient heirloom in our family—my great-great-grandmother used to wear it; it has never been out of the family since it was purchased by an ancestor of mine, in Paris, I think."

Irene gave another searching glance at the necklace, and then clutched it tightly in her hand.

"Richard Macon," she said, in calm, clear tones, "this was never an heirloom in your family."

"What can you mean—you are beside yourself!" gasped Richard.

"I mean," returned Irene, with a piercing glance, "that this necklace is one of the articles my poor murdered father had with him when he was killed and robbed in Georgia four years ago."

"Pshaw!" cried Richard. "It may resemble it, but of course it cannot be the same. Don't I know that it has always been in our family? You are losing your senses, Irene."

"I am not mistaken," was the agitated reply. "I have handled this necklace too often to be mistaken. Why, here is the private mark, placed there by my father one day in my presence. I well recollect that he said at the time that the mark might some day aid in identifying the necklace if it should ever be lost. It is the same, and now, Richard Macon, how came you by this precious heirloom?"

"Your question is an insult," was the hot answer. "Give me the necklace."

"Never! This matter must be explained. I must know if your hands are stained with my father's blood."

"Confound it!" said Richard. "I never even heard that Mr. Murray was murdered. Your talk is the maddest mystery in the world to me."

"My father's name was Henderson!" said the girl sternly. "He was murdered and robbed in a lonely place among the mountains of Georgia. He had with him a large sum of money and this jewelry. A poor devil was tried for the murder, found guilty and sent to the chain gang for life. The money and jewels were not found on him, and he always protested his innocence—perhaps he told the truth."

"You said your father's name was Henderson?"

"Yes. After his death a wealthy bachelor brother of my mother died and left her a large fortune on condition that she should resume the family name of Murray, and the condition was exacted of myself. We accepted the terms, but when a foul murder is to be avenged, Irene Murray remembers that she is Irene Henderson."

Richard Macon looked dumbfounded.

"I swear"—he began.

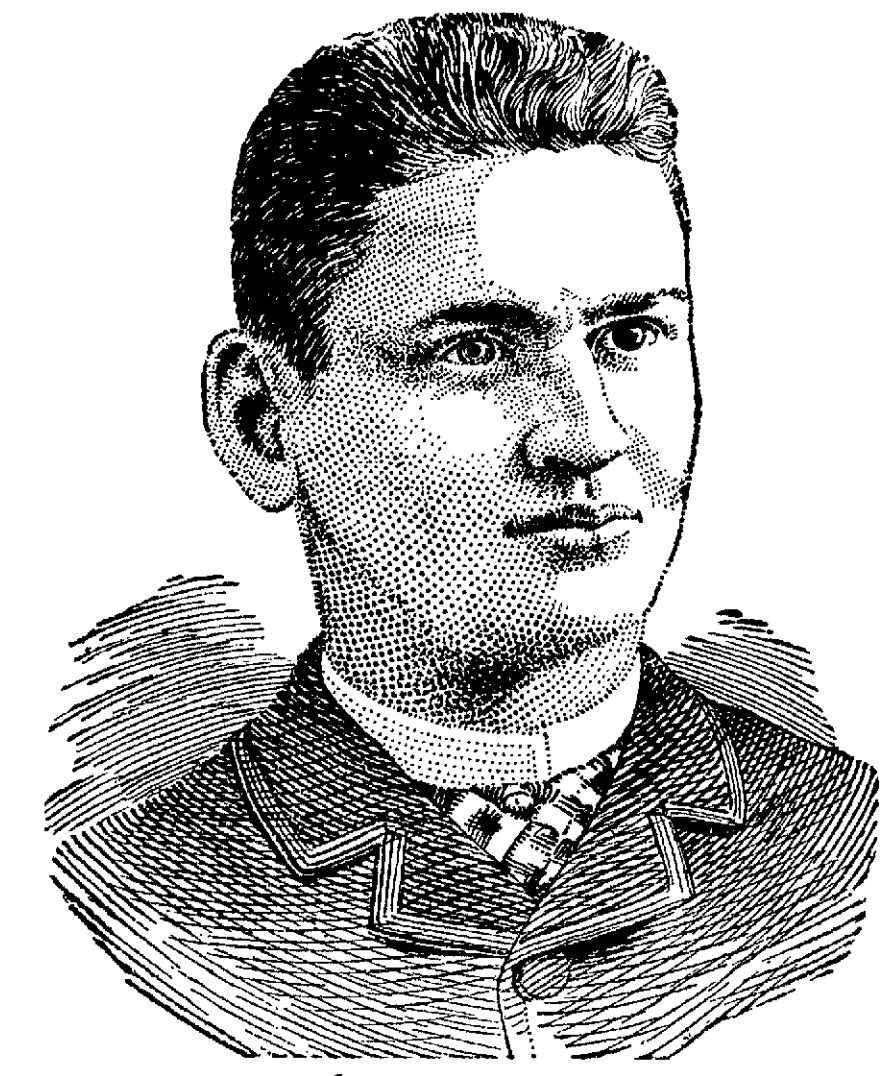
"I will not hear you!" exclaimed Irene, her eyes flashing fire. "You began with a lie—you called the necklace an heirloom—you will lie on to the end of the chapter if I permit it! If you have any statement to make explaining how the necklace came into your possession, you may proceed."

For a moment Richard Macon looked like some wild animal at bay. Then, recollecting himself, he made a profound bow and said:

"I shall leave you now, Irene—you are in no mood to listen to reason. In the morning you will laugh at your conduct of to-night and will beg my pardon. I shall leave you here. Au revoir!" and with a mocking smile he kissed his hand and walked rapidly away, leaving Irene standing like a statue, with the necklace clutched tightly in her hand.

When morning came, just as the gray light was chasing the darkness away, a pistol shot rang through the hotel. There was a rustling to and fro, and finally a crowd of servants and boarders stood in Richard Macon's room, gazing upon the dead body of the suicide as it lay stretched upon the bed, with a pistol firmly grasped in the right hand.

Richard Macon had taken his own life. It was not the fear of the law that impelled him to this rash step—he felt able to hold his own against the world. But he knew that no deceit, however artful, would clear him in the eyes of Irene Murray, and death was a thousand times preferable to life with the ever present sense of her loathing and confident suspicion of his guilt.



W. J. McDonald

In returning thanks to you for my miraculous cure of eczema or salt rheum, I deem it advisable to give you a detailed account of my case, and as there is, and always will be a prejudice against advertised remedies, you have my consent to publish this testimonial, and all inquiries, by letter or person, I will cheerfully answer. I do this that people who go on year after year paying out large sums of money to incompetent physicians and receive no cure, or even relief, or end in filling a premature grave, as was nearly my case, may be induced to make trial of the wonderful Cuticura Remedies.

At the age of three months a rash made its appearance on my face. A physician was called, he said leeching was the cause, he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, and called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone and lard, mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax water and flour, another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen out, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago, the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada, he said he could do nothing for me, that the chances were that I would grow out of it, or that it would strike inwardly and kill me in time. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did not better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1876, the Chicago Tribune I read the account of your medicine. They described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied the Cuticura, I was all raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but when I applied it I went to sleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

The first morning after using it my flesh (I had no skin color on the end of my nose) was a pink color. Next day it was kind of white, and I could place my hand on the sores without it being painful. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk. I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. Then I commenced the use of the Cuticura Resolvent, and in three days was worse than ever. I was one mass of pimples from the top of my head to the soles of my feet; to say they were painful would do no justice to the case. In from two to four days they burst and left a small scab, which dropped off and left the spot pure and the skin white, and as near as I can judge I was cured in about six or eight weeks, and up to this date, (7-11-1887), from January, 1879, to January, 1887, I have not been sick in any way, nor have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. I have an excellent appetite, have the very best of health. My limbs are straight, supple and strong. I have been exposed to all sorts of weather without the least sign of the disease yet. The only difference I find in myself is that my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as in other persons.

No doubt many persons will not believe this almost improbable story, many will think it grossly exaggerated. I don't blame them a bit if they do, but to satisfy themselves, they can call or write to me and find out if what I have written above is true or not. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your Cuticura Remedies.

Gentlemen, let me again thank you for my cure. 2722 Dearborn st. W. J. McDONALD. Chicago, Ill., January 29, 1887.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the Cuticura Remedies in their powerful properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disgusting, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from the best of ingredients, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold every where. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents. Resolvent, \$1.00. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

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Horses Bought and Sold.

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If you want a good Cigar call for
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They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.

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GOODS AND PRICES,
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SUCH AS
Parlor Suits, Chamber Beds, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Tables, Lounges, Hair, Husk and Sea Grass Mattresses and the original Woven Wire Mattress
AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.
JOHN H. OGDEN.

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JOE HOWARD'S BEECHER
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Infinitely the most valuable because coming so closely from the family circle and by a master hand engraved in a "Labor of Love." Richly illustrated—steel portraits, etc. Will sell themselves. Millions want this standard life of the greatest preacher and orator of the age. Quick is the word. Territory in great demand. Send for circulars and 50c for outfit to DR. AGENTS & PUBLISHERS, 307 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

JOHN H. OGDEN,
UNDERTAKER.

West Side of Canal Main Street,

MIST.

Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisies and violets,
And in whose folds labyrinth
The bittersweet and heron wades;
Of flocks, and seas, and rivers—
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.
—Henry D. Thoreau.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Dora Carmichael was an extremely pretty girl, whom to see was to admire and perhaps to love, in most men's opinion. Women did not take precisely this view of her merits; but then, as we all know, women are notoriously jealous. Still even a very pretty girl may be considered as abusing her privileges if she engages herself to more than two men at once. Now, this was precisely what Miss Carmichael had done, and was not a little perplexed by the consequences of her rashness. Not only had she, unknown to and in disobedience of her people, kept on her engagement with Haselrig of the artillery, but to please her parents, and also her own ambition, she had consented a month or two since to accept Mr. Lorimer, son and heir to old Sir James Lorimer, and now, to crown it, a fortnight ago, at the Marsdens' ball, Lord Liscarroll had proposed, and she had not been able to refuse him.

Concerning Capt. Haselrig she had little anxiety, as he had gone to India on being forbidden the house by Mr. Carmichael, who considered the handsome, impetuous soldier by no means an eligible match for his only daughter and heiress. But it had taxed even her ingenuity to keep Mr. Lorimer and Lord Liscarroll ignorant of each other's claims on her. Lorimer certainly did not suspect the existence of a rival; but Liscarroll had more than once resented the airs of proprietorship assumed by the former, and had pressed Miss Carmichael to allow him at once to apply to her father. This was horribly perplexing. Mr. Carmichael was a wealthy, self-made man, whose fortune had sprung as he was only too fond of boasting, from the traditional penny pinch. He professed ultra radical opinions, but in his heart was as fond of a lord as most people, and Dora well knew would have been as delighted at her latest conquest as she herself could have been. Still, she felt convinced that his word once pledged he would not let her throw over Charles Lorimer, even for such a party as Lord Liscarroll. So she told her lover a doleful story of stern parents, an unsympathetic suitor and an oppressed daughter divided between duty and dislike to the match proposed.

"But are you engaged to that end Lorimer?" asked Liscarroll impatiently.

"No! O no! certainly not engaged, but it is very possible I might have become so to please dear papa had I not met with you." This, said with the sweetest timidity and a beautiful look, had the full effect intended.

"But now, Dora?"

"Well, now I must make the poor fellow understand it is impossible—give him his courage, in fact, so decidedly, that even self-satisfied as he is, he can make no mistake, and then coax papa as best I can."

Still Liscarroll insisted.

"But, don't you see, Lord Liscarroll—well, Arthur, then—that if you go to papa directly I have sent off Mr. Lorimer, he will suspect what has occurred, and would not hesitate to treat you in the same way? For do what I will, I cannot help his considering me engaged to that horrid man."

"Well, when will you give Lorimer his courage?"

"To-morrow morning. He is coming about some botanical tickets, and I will speak to him then."

"A very well, dearest; and I may look in to hear the result, may I not?"

And so it was settled. Still, it must be confessed the situation was a troublesome one, and sitting in the library the next day, Dora thought over her plans rather anxiously.

Mrs. Carmichael was, or fancied herself, an invalid, and rarely showed before lunch and not always then, though ready enough for her "social duties" later in the day, so her daughter was at full liberty to arrange matters as she pleased. Accordingly she told the butler that if Mr. Lorimer called, he was at once to be shown in to her in the library, and that if Lord Liscarroll should call in the meantime, he was to be told she would soon be disengaged, and be requested to await her in the drawing room. So far so good.

But a ring at the door bell startled her from her reverie, and she waited expecting to see Lorimer ushered in. Instead of that, the visitor was ushered up stairs, and the butler announced "Capt. Haselrig." The blow almost staggered her, but pulling herself together, she went into the drawing room, and the next moment was clasped in Haselrig's arms. A few words sufficed to explain his presence. The death of an old uncle, his godfather, had made him master of a rather valuable property, and on the strength of this improvement in his position the young man had at once rushed back from India, and, as he fondly hoped, successfully to plead his suit. Whatever heart she possessed—it was little enough—belonged to Haselrig, and she had felt genuine sorrow when her father so entirely declined his proposals; for a moment she wondered if, after all, Haselrig's love might not be worth a sacrifice. Of Lorimer she did not think for one second, but she did remember Liscarroll, and this dampened her ardor. Haselrig was handsome and fairly rich now, but so was Lord Liscarroll, and if her love for him was not so great as for Haselrig, she adored his coronet. So the old story was once more related, and by its means she induced Capt. Haselrig to forego his purpose of seeing her father until she herself should give him leave to speak; and at last, to her great relief, she sent him off, if not satisfied, yet certainly more in love than ever.

During her conversation with Capt. Haselrig Dora's sharp ears had caught the sound of the door bell, so she was fully prepared to hear that Mr. Lorimer was in the library, and went to him at once. But what she did not know, and in her hurry would not give the butler time to tell her, was that Lord Liscarroll had also arrived, and was at the moment in the morning room. Now Lord Liscarroll was not a particularly impatient man, but he had had ample time to get extremely tired of waiting, and, having exhausted the paper, was beguiling his leisure by staring out of the window, when he caught sight of Haselrig leaving the house.

"By jove! there's Haselrig!" he ejaculated. "Why, I thought he was in India! I must hunt the dear old fellow up. How well he's looking, too! Hello! what's up now, I wonder?" Voices loud, not to say angry, could be heard in the next room.

"Humph! Lorimer getting his cone, I suppose. Seems to be catching it hot, too, poor beggar. After all, serve him right. Why should he try to force the girl to marry him, when any other else

could see with half an eye she doesn't care a rap for him? Oh! but I say," he muttered, "I cannot stop here; I shall be hearing what they say next minute."

Leaving a message that an appointment unfortunately prevented his waiting any longer just then, but he hoped for the pleasure of seeing Miss Carmichael later in the day, Lord Liscarroll left the house. Ten minutes later, stopping to look at a jeweler's window, a gentleman on leaving the shop brushed past him. It was Haselrig.

"Hello, Haselrig, old fellow, how come you to be in town?"

"Why, Liscarroll, is that you?"

The two young men shook hands vigorously.

"Which way are you going? To the club? That's right, so am I, come along!" and the unconscious rivals walked slowly side by side down Pall Mall. Haselrig told of his accession of fortune, then added, with a conscious laugh:

"Fact is, I'm tired of single blessedness, and am going to try matrimony for a change."

"Congratulations you most heartily, my dear fellow," Lord Liscarroll's own happiness rendered him very sympathetic.

"Do I know the lady?"

"I dare say you do; for she goes out a lot, and though her people are not exactly all one could wish, Dora herself is a darling!"

"O, called Dora, is she?" quoted his friend, amused at the coincidence. "Pretty name, Dora; my favorite, I think. Have you known her long, or is it a recent affair?"

"I've known her two or three years, but money stood in the way at the time, and I went to India to wait for better days."

"I knew there was a woman at the bottom of that sudden rush to the ship," mentally ejaculated his lordship. But when my uncle left me Cleveland, I came back sharp. Her people don't know yet, for her father wants her to marry a man called Lorimer."

"Called what?" exclaimed Lord Liscarroll.

"Lorimer. Do you know him?"

"Know him?" echoed the other. "To be sure I do; a west countryman."

"Yes, that's the fellow. An awful cub, I believe; but lots of money, and no end of a place in the west; so old Carmichael—"

"Here, I say, hold on a bit, I'm getting mixed! What's the young lady's name? Surely not Dora Carmichael?"

"To be sure it is. Do you know her, then?"

"I should think so! But look here, are you sure there is no mistake?"

"I say, Liscarroll, it's rather early in the day to be like this," remarked Haselrig, astonished at his companion's excitement. "Hang it, man, a joke's a joke, but to be like this at this time of day is rather—"

"No, I'm not drunk, Haselrig, nor mad either, though you are enough to drive me so! What do you mean about Miss Carmichael?"

"Why, she's the girl I'm engaged to, to be sure! See, here's her likeness," and so saying he rapidly unfasted a lock of his watch, and held it out open to his companion.

"There was no mistake; it decidedly was Dora Carmichael's likeness. By this time, luckily for both, they had reached their club, and they turned into the waiting room, which at that time of the day was vacant."

"Yes, it is Dora, certainly," said Lord Liscarroll slowly. "Confound her!"

"Lord Liscarroll!"

"O, don't go into heroics, man! Look here," and in a moment he produced a daintily embroidered letter case from his breast pocket, and taking out a photograph and several letters, flung them down before the astonished soldier.

"Look at that! Read those!"

Haselrig picked them up gingerly. One look was enough. The photograph he knew only too well, he had the duplicate of it; and if the letters at this moment lying on his breast were not exactly and literally the same, the signature, "Your own loving Dora," was identical in both.

"But what does it mean?" he asked, stupefied.

"Mean?" laughed Liscarroll, bitterly. "Yes, to be sure! How long have you been engaged, Haselrig?"

"Since before I went to India."

"And I since Easter," and the two men stood looking blankly at each other.

That afternoon, having received the message Lord Liscarroll left with the butler, Miss Carmichael waited impatiently for the young man. About 5 o'clock a small parcel brought by a commissionaire was given to her, and on opening it they dropped out a packet, two packets of letters and several photographs, together with a slip of paper, on which was written:

"Returned with thanks—Liscarroll, Bertie Haselrig."

There was no mistaking the signatures. She had had a stormy scene with Lorimer, who had entirely refused to take his cone quietly, and had forced her to listen to some uncommonly plain speaking before leaving, and she was thoroughly tired out. When her maid, hearing a heavy fall, rushed into her room, she found her mistress on the floor, insensible. Luckily for Miss Carmichael, it was sufficiently near the end of the season to make her sudden departure from town less of a nine days' wonder than might otherwise have been the case.

Long before she resumed her place in London society Capt. Haselrig had returned to India, and Lord Liscarroll had found a wife both richer and prettier than Dora Carmichael.—London World.

A Real English Toast.

A Birmingham resident has purchased the cup and saucer used by her majesty at table on the occasion of her late visit. The price he paid was, of course, a fancy one, and the now sacred crockery has been on view in New Street, where crowds have flocked to see the simple white and gold relics which the silly purchaser is to hand down as an heirloom to his family, and which are to be carefully kept unwashed, since they were sanctified by the touch of royal lips and fingers. A dirty cup and saucer sacred! What are we coming to?—London Society.

A Foot Measuring Machine.

It is said that a Baltimore man has invented a foot measuring machine which he says measures accurately every irregularity on the surface of the foot adapts to the curves of the instep, and overcomes the difficulties hitherto encountered in obtaining a good fit. The machine reproduces the shape and size of the foot on a diagram, with the diameter and circumference of the various parts.—N. Y. Sun.

Gasping in Horror.

Some of the dealers in fish in Washington market, New York city, have bottles of cod liver oil suspended in front of their stalls, and generally underneath in a tank a big live cod "gasping in horror, as if at the sight of the essence of some ancestor's liver."—Chicago Times.

COAL IS STILL KING.

INFORMATION GLEANED FROM THE INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Fire Clay in Stark County—Natural Gas and its Effect upon the Coal Trade.

Regarding the total output Mr. Bancroft says: "The output of the State exceeds that of 1885 by 619,032 tons; yet of the larger producing counties, nine show a loss of 567,125 tons, while, to offset this and make up the aggregate increase, thirteen other counties show a gain of 1,178,160 tons. More than half this gain comes from the Hocking and Tuscarawas Valleys, while the Mahoning shows a slight loss in product. The large gains in Stark and Medina more than offset the losses in Summit and Tuscarawas, and bring the increase in the Tuscarawas Valley up to 248,485 tons."

The article upon the subject of fire clay productions will be of interest as a basis for comparison next year. In 1886 there were eight clay miners, and twelve men engaged in the manufacture of brick from fire clay in Stark county, and the number of tons used was 17,250, this county ranking fourth in the State. Next year there is little doubt but that the county will rank second, owing to the extensive brick works recently built near this city.

Turning to the table of accidents, it is seen that in 1886 there were thirteen accidents in this county, three in Tuscarawas, and one in Wayne, making a total of seventeen for the Massillon district. In this county there were five deaths by accident, in Tuscarawas none, and in Wayne county two, making a total of seven.

Speaking of natural gas, the report says: "It is said that natural gas has been discovered in paying quantities in nineteen States and Territories. No record is kept of the yield of natural gas in cubic feet, but the Chief of the Bureau of Mineral Statistics estimates that the amount of coal displaced by gas in 1885 was 3,160,600 tons, valued at \$4,854,200. In 1884, the coal displaced was valued at \$1,460,000. The yield has increased tenfold since 1883. In Western Pennsylvania alone, sixty-six natural gas companies have been organized, and nearly \$21,000,000 of capital invested. There is said to be 461 miles of gas mains entering Pittsburg, and it is estimated that two and one-half millions tons of coal have been displaced there the past year. The gas companies, and the increase of active work in the iron mills have, however, given employment to over 3,500 men, supposed to have been thrown idle, in mining and other industries, by the introduction of natural gas."

"As elsewhere stated in this report, the Pittsburg district, for the first nine months of 1886, shows an increased output of nearly 140,000 tons, as compared with the same period in 1885. This would indicate that new markets have been found for its coal product by one of the largest coal mining and coal consuming districts (where natural gas has almost entirely taken the place of coal) sufficient to take not only the displaced tonnage, but even an increased product. This, in connection with the increased output in Ohio, and as it is believed to be the case, in other States also, encourages the belief that new markets and the more extensive introduction of coal as fuel will more than compensate for the loss sustained by the use of natural gas. What other conclusion can possibly be drawn from a largely increased coal product, in the face of the wide developments of the new fuel? Economy in the use of coal, in districts where gas is not found, has naturally followed in the wake of this competition. Even in Pittsburg, the American Manufacturer states, the price of slack has fallen so low that a mill there is using coal slack with a blast, and finds it cheaper than the use of gas at any price yet named by the gas companies."

THE WOOL MARKET.

Eastern Markets Continue Depressed—Despite the Boom in the South-West—Waiting the Coming of the New Crop.

New York, May 13.—Bradstreet's will say in to-morrow's issue: Operations in the Eastern wool markets are confined to the nearby wants of manufacturers. The condition of the woolen industry is unsatisfactory, orders being fewer and smaller than a year ago, and there is no disposition to stock up for the future before the arrival of the new clip. Prices are no better than steady. While holders in the majority of instances do not press their stocks upon reluctant buyers, they would be willing to grant concessions on large purchases, could such be effected. The Eastern markets do not respond to the excitement which prevails in the South-west. All accounts from California, Texas and the Southern States east of the Mississippi indicate that the growers and local buyers, including those from some of the Western markets, are no less confident than a year ago. The prices reported to have been paid for small lots in Texas are relatively much higher than those now realized in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The views of Eastern purchasers are fairly represented in the following calculation made by the American Wool Reporter: It is argued that 17c. would be much nearer the probable level for the best Texas wool than 20c.

Fine to medium Texas and Territory wools in the seaboard markets to day are worth 55c. to 60c. per pound when ready for the cr. At these figures, shrinking 65 per cent., they would pay 19c. to 22c. in the grease in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, and could not insure a profit to the buyer unless purchased in Texas at 15c. to 17c. Buyers for Western manufacturers are picking

up the first lots readily, and active competition is bringing excellent returns to the producers. The representatives of houses on the Atlantic coast, as a rule, are so far holding aloof for the reasons suggested above.

At Boston the market continues quiet and without any features of interest. Prices are the same as a week ago. Some movement of fine Australian combing stock is reported, and the general demand for medium wools is perhaps a little better than of late. With the manufacturing industry, however, in an unsatisfactory condition as regards both the amount of contracts and prices, no immediate increase in activity is anticipated. Current quotations are as follows in comparison with last year:

	May 14, '86.	May 13, '87.
Ohio and Pennsylvania X.....	32 3/4 31c.	31 3/4 32c.
Ohio and Pennsylvania XX.....	32 3/4 31c.	32 3/4 31c.
Ohio and Pennsylvania XX and above.....	33 3/4 34c.	34 3/4 35c.
Michigan X.....	2 3/4 29c.	3 0/4 31c.
Fine Ohio delaine.....	32 3/4 35c.	33 3/4 35c.
No 1 combing.....	34 3/4 35c.	37 3/4 38c.
Pexas first, twelve months.....	19 3/4 23c.	20 3/4 23c.

Massillon Independent.

[WEEKLY ESTABLISHED IN 1865.]
[DAILY ESTABLISHED IN 1887.]

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Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1887.

Attention, Advertisers!

The best evidence as to the circulation of a newspaper is the testimony of the paper itself, expressed by its appearance. The newspaper whose columns are full of news, which is quoted freely, and talked about much, whether the comment is adverse or favorable, is pretty sure to have a large circulation, and circulation is what advertisers want. The bona fide circulation of the Independent is rapidly increasing, and it offers advantages to all who use newspaper space, which are fully appreciated by the growing number of patrons.

How would Andrew Carnegie do for president? What a pity it is that he was born in Great Britain.

Dr. McGinn and Henry George are two persons of whom the public is tired. Suppose they subside for a period.

The B. & O. deal asserts itself again in the papers. No one knows what it is, but Mr. Gurnett says that it will all be settled by June 11.

The roll of subscribers to the gas fund is long, yet of those who have not seen their names on it, how many would own up that it contains the names of every enterprising man in the city?

It is a good healthy sign when members of the Standard Oil Company can be convicted in the United States. There was no doubt in the public mind but that there had been a conspiracy in Buffalo, and the verdict of the jury is an unexpected, but pleasant surprise.

Columbus thought she had a corner on State conventions. But it was a mistake. Columbus is being punished just now, but it falls nearly as hard upon those who are applying the treatment, as upon Columbus. Columbus can have the convention if her people will only say the word.

It is a peculiar fact that those who "do not believe in natural gas," and therefore have not subscribed, have invariably been those who did not believe in any public movement ever inaugurated. It has moreover been noticed that they are always ready to partake of the benefits which such successful movements have conferred.

It was doubtless a great pity that General Keifer had to deliver an oration at Garfield monument celebration. However, since those in charge knew that the oration would be delivered, it seems a greater pity that they could not obtain for the speaker the respectful attention that was due him as a recognized participant in the ceremonies.

The foolishness of refusing a worthy man a second term has been repeatedly shown. Senator Conrad who did double duty at Columbus as a senator and a presiding officer, who was one of the few who, sick or well was always at his post, certainly deserves the nomination for lieutenant governor, at the hands of the convention.

The statements made by Inspector Bancroft, regarding the effect of natural gas upon the coal trade must be re-assuring to the operators and miners. Though natural gas may be more fully developed, yet it can never displace coal, but on the contrary its uses will be widened and economical methods of consumption will be adopted. There is no fear that Massillon's position as a coal center will be injured by the introduction of gas.

Good for Andrew Carnegie! A patriotic American citizen, if he was born in England, who does not believe in snobbery and obsequious homage. When he came to America it was to be an American, and great is the pity that there are not more like him. He declines to contribute to a New York celebration of Victoria's jubilee, because he can see no

good reason for it, and credit is due him for crystallizing in a manly letter his reasons for so doing.

One of the small mean acts done during the week, was the citation of the auditor of Richland county to Senator Sherman, requiring him to appear and explain why he did not return more of his property for taxation. And still smaller and still meaner were the Cleveland Plain Dealer's head lines over its description of the event, which openly charged Mr. Sherman with attempting to evade the payment of his just share of taxes, while the description itself frankly admitted that there was nothing at all in the very stale charge, from which it was sought to make political capital.

One of the founders of the Independent is dead, and with him ends the line of the early proprietors of this paper, that was unbroken until within the last few years. First John Frost, then Charles E. Taylor and now Peter Welker.

It was to Mr. Welker and Mr. Frost that the Independent owes its life. Mr. Frost conceived it and executed it, while Mr. Welker nurtured it, clearing the branches from its path, and for the first time in the history of local journalism, established a newspaper.

A newspaper that has reached the age of the Independent is known by an individuality of its own. No break is recognized in its order of editors, it is something by itself. The men may come, and the men may go, but the friends scattered through every State in this broad Union, know only the Independent.

But in the office, where only too well is understood the patient toil necessary to plant a paper on the foundation from which it can not be shaken, the loss of these friends is keenly felt.

Mr. Welker was always a warm supporter of the paper after he had severed his connection with it, one of the truest and best of mentors.

The Independent's staunchest friends all have gone, leaving in hands that have but recently taken up the task, the destiny of the paper. And they hope that when they too must yield the reins to some one else it will be with the same sense of satisfaction that these men had the right to claim.

THE PARK COMMISSION.

Great things will be expected of the new board of park commissioners. Massillon was blest in the beginning with wise and beneficent founders, who created a number of bright breathing spaces in this thriving little city, doubtless knowing that the day would come when they would prove of value. As yet only the dogs have extracted much satisfaction from their existence, but when the new commissioners are sworn in, Massillon will hope for a better state of affairs.

No one will begrudge them a reasonable sum to carry on their work. Doubtless they will see the necessity of arranging a space for people to congregate in the Main street park, will arrange seats and plant trees. There are some few old squares in Kendal and on the west side, that for the sake of future generations, if not in our own, should be given some attention. It will cost but a trifle to start trees at least. There is not much money in the treasury just now for this sort of thing, as the streets need all we have and more too, but with three good men to look after the parks of Massillon, and give them their fatherly protection, they can be made, even this year, much more respectable than they have ever been before.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO BE CLEAN.

The season is now at hand when boys of this city make themselves obnoxious in their effort to have a time, and also approach to godliness between the gates of the locks of the Ohio canal.

For the sake of the health of the community, if not for decency, the practice should be prevented. The street youth cannot be expected to know better than to persist in entering the foul sewer, and in a short time the effect is to cover them with loathsome sores, the cause for which they cannot penetrate. In the name of humanity it ought to be prevented. The proper way to do it is not to ent

off this keen source of enjoyment without providing another. The Tuscarawas river is a fine old stream, whose cleansing waters might well be turned upon the street waifs of Massillon. Give them a free bathing house and let them go it. The ambition to keep clean and likewise to have fun, is laudable enough, and it ought to be cultivated rather than squelched. The natural desire usually becomes extinct early in life anyway. Now here is an opportunity for some kind soul to do a little or rather a good deal of practical work, at a very trifling expense.

We are glad to note the punishment of the Bailey Canning Company, of Middle Branch, Stark county, for selling "pure maple syrup" containing 32 per cent. of glucose. The fine of \$500 and costs imposed was not very heavy, but it was enough to make food swindlers think twice before trying to cheat the public with adulterated products. The secretary of the firm pleaded guilty when arraigned in court, or the penalty inflicted would probably have been more severe. Food Commissioner Talcott deserves credit for his war against the makers of impure "maple" syrup, and we hope that his success in bringing one offender to justice will encourage him to keep up his good work.—Cleveland Leader.

'Tis said that Lieut. Cowles, the taffy-tongued courtier of the U. S. S. Dispatch, will take Queen Kapiolani as a passenger on his boat, and beg her gracious permission to show her the Hudson.

Cocconutmilkmoth is the English equivalent of the sweet Hawaiian adjective Kapiolani is said to have applied to the gallant Lieutenant after her voyage on the Potomac. It's pity Lieut. Cowles doesn't know Hawaiian. The language is much softer than the English.—N. Y. Sun.

Health Bulletin

Reports to the State Board of Health from 55 observers, (embracing 47 counties), show the following diseases to prevail for the week ending Friday noon, May 13, 1887. Last two columns of figures are for previous week based on report of 60 observers.

FORM OF DISEASE	No. who reported	No. who reported	No. who reported
(In the order of prevalence.)			
Bronchitis, (acute).....	21	20	24
Measles.....	20	20	24
Rheumatism.....	18	17	23
Scarlet fever.....	17	16	22
Tonsillitis.....	17	16	22
Intermittent fever.....	15	14	19
Rheumatism, (acute).....	14	20	31
Whooping cough.....	10	12	21
Consumption, (acute).....	9	10	16
Erysipelas.....	9	12	19
Diphtheria.....	8	11	13
Scarlet fever.....	8	11	13
Cholera morbus.....	7	10	16
Pleurisy.....	7	15	16
Dysentery.....	7	7	12
Typhoid fever.....	6	6	12
Typhoid fever.....	6	6	12

REMARKS.—Measles prevails at West Cairo, Spencerville, McConnellsville, Shreve and Dalton. New cases of scarlet fever at Rainsboro, Perry, Bridgeport, Nevada, Malta, Marion, McConnellsville and Cincinnati. Diphtheria prevails in Cincinnati, Salem, Spencerville, Gaun, Cynthia, Somerset, Trimble and North Liberty.

C. O. PROBST, M. D., Sec'y.

THE PARK COMMISSION.

A New City Board to be Created Next Wednesday.

The council probably did not know, when it provided for the building of a band stand, that it was about to create something which could not be used, according to a city ordinance.

Indeed this did not come to light to any one, except in connection with another matter, which was looked into by Solicitor Young this morning. It seems, however, that section 6, of the ordinance governing the park, says: "No person or company shall, without the consent of one of the park commissioners or officers in charge of said grounds, play upon any musical instruments within the park grounds." * * *

Well, who are the park commissioners, anyway, was the natural question. Massillon has none and never had, and there is no ordinance regulating their appointment. A statute, however, does provide for the nomination of three commissioners, to serve for one, two and three years, and thereafter for one year, whose duty it is, without compensation of course, to appoint a superintendent, employ men, and take general charge of all the public parks.

Mayor Frantz has looked into the subject, and is of course satisfied that the proper course is to appoint a commission and at the next council meeting will offer three names.

A Sketch of Meyer's Lake.

The talented young sketch artist, Mr. E. A. Poole, is hard at work in his studio at the Hotel Conrad, trying to finish a superb picture of Meyer's Lake and the surroundings, in time for the opening to-night. It is quite large in size, done in India ink, and is accurate in detail and perfect in finish. The large part of the picture contains a fine view of the Lake Park Hotel and the grounds from the lake, and vignettes at the top portray the entrance from the Massillon and Canton roads, the interior of the bowling alley, the picnic ground, the bathing pavilion, and a fishing scene.

IT CAVED IN.

The Abutment of the Main Street Bridge Gives Way

And All Travel Across the Canal Impeded.

People were startled and surprised Sunday afternoon about half past 3, by a loud crash, and turning to where the noise came from, saw that the east abutment of the Main street canal bridge had given way, and that the huge structure was sagging down, effectually preventing the passage of teams across it. About fifteen feet of the north end of the wall caved into the channel, carrying a good deal of debris with it. Barriers were at once erected, and the county commissioners were notified of the accident. It looked as though another section would give way, and sure enough, early Monday morning it did, doubling the damage already done.

The cause is clear enough to all who have seen the foundation. It consists of one layer of block stone, backed up by rip-rap. It was the flimsiest kind of a flimsy wall, such as should never be permitted to enter into any public work, much less a bridge on a thoroughfare like Main street. It was probably forty years old, having supported many other bridges over the canal before the erection of the present fine structure. As the bridge now hangs, light boats cannot pass under it, thought well freighted ones can.

The Massillon Bridge Company has orders to do all the work necessary. Mr. H. A. Williams says that he thinks that the bridge itself can be raised up, and put in such shape that one of the drive-ways can be used. An entire new wall will be built at once. The level of the canal will have to be drained in order to do it. The accident is a great annoyance to the public and to the canal people. At the present hour men are tearing up the planking, but one section has been fixed so that teams can now cross.

AT ST. TIMOTHY'S.

Bishop Bedell Preaches Before a Large Congregation.

The announcement that the Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell, bishop of the northern diocese of Ohio, would preach in St. Timothy's church and administer the rite of confirmation, served to draw many strangers anxious to hear this celebrated divine.

The service was read, as usual, by the rector, the Rev. Mr. Kemp, and the bishop delivered a short sermon upon practical Christianity. He thought that our robes were very long sweeping the streets of Vanity Fair, and picking up its dust. He deprecated the use of amusements, to the temptations of which many fall, enumerating among them, balls, theatres, Sunday newspapers, and the opera, that "higher school of vicious thought."

It was a liberal, big-hearted discourse, delivered in an unaffected manner, as some one remarked, by an old man with modern ideas. After he had finished he confirmed a class numbering twelve.

After the service had been concluded, Mr. Bedell greatly gratified the congregation by the hearty congratulations he bestowed upon them and upon their worthy rector, in building up the church both in membership and material. He pointed to the new rectory, as the most perfect in point of architecture in Ohio, no small compliment indeed, from a man who has travelled the wide world over and is a thorough master of all that pertains to art and artists. With a few graceful words he also expressed the wish that the energy, which he knew existed in the church, would do something to improve the exterior of the building. The interior, he said, was what we made it, "this morning very beautiful."

Whatever may be said of Mr. Bedell, so far as his personality, his oratory, and scholarship go, he is certainly an almost ideal bishop. Courtly, handsome, veritable, with a flashing eye, a firm hand and resolute step, with a head to think and a tongue to speak, his appearance in the pulpit cannot but be impressive. His white locks that flow from his head are just a little whiter than they were a few years ago, but with the same rich voice, at the advanced age of eighty-three, he is the polished orator that he has always been.

V. R. KING,

A Good and a Well Known Citizen, Passes Away.

V. R. King died at his home on the west side Friday morning at 10:30. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon, and will be conducted by Hart Post, G. A. R., and Sippo Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member.

So soon after his death it is impossible to secure much information as to his early life, yet so well known was he, and in such kindly remembrance is he held, that details would at any rate be superfluous. He was born in Pennsylvania, spent many years of his life in the small towns south of Massillon, and was 50 years of age. He served faithfully in Company A, 107 O. V. I., during the war, and was ever afterward identified with the Grand Army, and had the honor of being Post Commander at the time of his death. He was Past Grand of Sippo Lodge, I. O. O. F., and was a member of the Knights of Maccabees. He held the office of Deputy Post Master, while Captain Crawford was in charge,

and in that arduous position extended an already wide circle of friends.

He suffered from pulmonary consumption, which was contracted last fall after a cold, and it became positive about the first of March. From that time to this there was never any check. He was all the time confident of recovery, though his physicians could give him no hope. Said Dr. Garrigues, "he was the most satisfactory patient, under the most unsatisfactory circumstances, that I ever had."

Mr. King was one of the men who had a happy faculty of making friends, and of him it can be said, he will be missed.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His allwise ruling to call from our midst and to His last roll call, comrade V. R. King, and

WHEREAS, We the members of Daniel Ritter Camp No. 24, S. of V., feel his loss very deeply, and being a faithful member of the G. A. R. and a staunch supporter of our order; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in this their loss of a kind husband and father.

Resolved, That to Hart Post No. 134, G. A. R., we extend our sympathy in the loss of post commander, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days. These resolutions be entered upon the minutes; a certified copy be sent to the family of the deceased and published in the city papers.

C. E. TINKLER,
JAS. N. MEIWIN,
H. W. ELSASS.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the neighbors and friends for the manifold favors so willingly shown us during the sickness and death of our husband and father.

MRS. V. R. KING AND FAMILY.

Peter Welker.

As intimated in these columns the death of Mr. Peter Welker was not at all unexpected. He died at 3:30 Sunday afternoon at the ripe old age of 71. The funeral services will be held at the family residences on Richville avenue, on Tuesday, May 17, beginning promptly at 2 o'clock, under the charge of Sippo Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member.

Peter Welker, the younger of twins, the other being Mr. George Welker, now of West Brookfield, was born February 21, 1816, in Mahoney county, and that same year was brought to a farm near Massillon, on the Canton road, where his father, David Welker, kept a tavern, as in those days they were called. In 1832, then being a young man, he became a dry goods clerk in Marshal Wellman's store, and remained with him until the establishment of the firm of G. & P. Welker in 1849. The store was then sold to James Bayless. On July 3, 1853, the very first issue of the Massillon Independent appeared, published by Frost & Co., Mr. Welker being too modest to appear as a publisher until after the appearance of three or four numbers. The Independent was a small six-column journal, of exactly the same size as the Daily Independent. Thanks to Mr. Frost's ability as an editor, and to Mr. Welker's untiring energy as a business manager, the paper grew and prospered, and is to-day the oldest newspaper in Stark county west of Canton. Mr. Welker followed this business until 1876, when he parted with his interest to the late Charles E. Taylor, then retired to his home on Richville avenue, where his later years were comfortably and happily spent.

In Memoriam.

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and brother, Peter Welker, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was, in every way, worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That this heart-felt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be spread upon our minutes of this meeting, and a copy be forwarded to the family of our departed friend by the secretary, and printed in one of the city papers, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

GEO. W. MORG,
GEO. W. HISEY,
JOHN KAY,
Committee.

The C. L. & W. Railroad.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling railroad was held on Wednesday morning in Cleveland. The report then submitted showed that the gross earnings for the year ending December 31, 1886, were \$814,386.77. The total operating expenses were \$556,954.25, leaving a net earning of \$257,432.52. At special meetings of the stockholders, held June 10 and July 28 last, authority was given to build branches to the railroad, one extending from West Wheeling to the city of Belaire, and one from Bridgeport to Martin's Ferry, all in Belmont county, Ohio. The construction was begun about the 1st of August, and has progressed satisfactorily, and the amount expended to the close of 1886 was \$121,605.67.

Johnny Egan will pay a visit to his parents, who are residents of Massillon. New Philadelphia Standard.

THE CONTRACT LET

For the Main Street Bridge Support.

The county commissioners were in town Thursday for the purpose of letting the contract for the stone work required at the Main Street canal bridge. Commissioner Alonzo Smith, speaking of the matter, said that there had been much unnecessary criticism of the commissioners on the subject, charging them with the intention of making an inferior job, whereas they fully expected to do as good work as possible.

The contract was let about noon. The specifications were verbal, and bids were received from nearly a dozen firms. The contract was awarded to Adam Shisler, of Canton, at \$3.99 a perch. The highest offer was \$7 and the second lowest was \$5.40. The job was taken at a price scarcely higher than for cellar work and the stone men claim that Shisler will lose money.

The wall will be five feet thick below and three on top, of Massillon stone, put together in a workmanlike manner. A coffer dam will be built, so as not to interfere with navigation. Work is to be commenced at once, and one section of the bridge is to be kept open for travel at all times.

THE ROLL.

Recent Additions to it.

The following subscriptions to the Massillon Natural Gas and Oil Company have been reported:

Previously acknowledged.....\$8545 00
L. W. Gise..... 20 00
Gust Krayer..... 10 00
Wilhelm & Grass..... 20 00
Joseph Huth..... 10 00

Total reported.....\$8605 00

It is indeed discouraging when business men, retail business men, who are directly and personally interested in the success of every little enterprise that shows advancement, "have not got time" to read their local daily paper. "Have not got time" is an excuse only. Every man has time. The people who "have not got time" are not the busiest mortals. Live men, who are up to the age, have time for everything, and in home matters are always ready to take time.

Lysander Spooner who died in Boston last Saturday, aged 79, in 1844 established a private 5-cent postal route between Boston and Baltimore, and, although this was stopped as unlawful, its success induced Congress to lower postal rates. He was the author of a pamphlet on the unconstitutionality of slavery, published in 1845, which was intended to controvert the doctrines of the diabolical abolitionists, and was a text-book for those who held his antebellum view.—Pittsburg Times.

The Pittsburg Times says: "John G. Warwick, of Stark county, Lieutenant Governor under Hoody, has refused to accept a nomination to that office again, which leaves the way open to D. C. Coolman, of Portage county, the only man now spoken of for the position. The enthusiasm for him does not run high, as he was one of the managers of the penitentiary during Hoody's term and blamed for the crookedness in the institution."

A Findlay attorney was asked by a newspaper man if he was interested in the boom and replied, "Well, not just now. I am expecting a boom for me in about a year, when the courts attempt to pass upon these land titles. See?"—Akron Times.

A large number of excursionists went to New Philadelphia to-day to attend the dedication ceremonies of the Kaldenbaugh monument. Hart Post, Daniel Ritter Camp and the Daughters of Veterans went, accompanied by a drum corps.

What is there in depositing a vote that would subject a woman to such peculiar exposure? A woman, in dropping a letter into the postoffice, is made more public, and is fully as indecent, as in depositing her vote. A vote is the simplest, neatest, and most unobtrusive thing imaginable. This white slip of paper drops as quietly and as gently as a snow-flake on the top of the Alps; but like them, when collected, they descend like avalanches, woe be to the evil which they strike!—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. Dora Salter has been elected Mayor of Argonia, Sumner county, Kan., by a larger majority than any other candidate ever received in that city. Her opponent was one of the leading citizens.

The Effects of Mental Exhaustion.
Many diseases, especially those of the nervous system, are the products of daily renewed mental exhaustion. Business avocations often involve an amount of mental wear and tear very prejudicial to physical health, and less destructive to brain and nerve tissue. It is one of the most important attributes of Hestetter's Stomach Bitters, that it compensates for this undue loss of tissue and that it imparts new energy to the brain and nerves. The rapidity with which it renews weakened mental energy and physical vitality is remarkable, and shows that its invigorating properties are of the highest order. Besides increasing vital stamina, and counteracting the effects of mental exhaustion, this potent medicine cures and prevents fever and ague, rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia and constipation, kidney and uterine weakness and other complaints. Physicians also commend it as a most efficient stimulant and remedy.

Teachers' Examination.
An examination of teachers will be held under the direct ion of the city board of examiners in the high school room on Friday afternoon, May 20, and on Saturday, May 21. Applicants will be examined in reading, orthography, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, U. S. history and the theory and practice of teaching.
All teachers whose certificates expire in June, and all teachers whose certificates that may be due in the Massillon Union school, who have no certificate, should be present at this examination.
The afternoon session will open at 3:30, and the morning session at 9 o'clock.
E. A. JONES, Clerk Board of Examiners.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Peter Crone, Deceased.
The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Peter Crone, late of Stark county, deceased.
Dated this 17th day of May, A. D. 1887.
45-56
WILLIAM CRONE, Administrator.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Corn has not yet been planted, the weather being too wet.

Findlay will have a natural gas celebration June 9, 10 and 11.

The question of prohibition is shaking Elyria to its foundations.

Canton's gas well will be drilled in the extreme east end of the town.

Navarre demands a street sprinkler. Better get a branch of our water works.

Canton's variety theatre has gone the way of the late lamented Winter Garden.

William Crone has been appointed administrator of the estate of Peter Crone.

Some time in the dim misty future there will be a railroad from Massillon to Meyer's lake.

The proposed tally-ho line affords subject matter for more gossip than anything else just at present.

The Erie Express Company has secured the express franchise over the Chicago & Atlantic.

Mayor Sisterhen, of Navarre, is mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for representative.

Assistant Inspector Bell has kindly supplied this office with copies of the mine inspector's report.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie has been appraised at \$5,500 per mile, an increase of three hundred dollars.

Some much needed work is being done by the water company and the street commissioner, upon the streets.

Canton is not happy over the prospects for the removal of the narrow gauge railroad shop to Cleveland.

Mr. Moses Clay left some magnificent Ewalt apples with the editor on Tuesday afternoon, that look too good to eat.

The Elyria chair factory will be moved away. There is also a prospect that the shear works will also be taken away.

It is said that the Pennsylvania company expects to spend \$500,000 improving this division of the road this summer.

Warren is very much tickled with its new waterworks. They have twelve miles of mains, 105 hydrants and pay a rent of \$4,500 annually.

Beach City is enjoying a mild little boom according to reports. Ten double houses are going up, all on account of the opening of the Camp mine.

Business on the Massillon & Cleveland railway is very lively just now. Three trains a week run each direction and handle large amounts of freight.

The idea of extending the Massillon water works pipes to Navarre, meets with the approval of many of our leading citizens.—*Navarre Independent.*

A cablegram this morning announces the safe arrival of Mr. C. F. Ricks and Mrs. Dr. Slusser at Southampton. They sailed on the 11th and landed on the 19th.

The energetic Mr. J. F. Schrock proposes to have that band stand built before the 30th of May. In fact, it is nearly ready now, the timber being almost all cut out.

The freight tonnage from Massillon is heavier than that of any station on the Ft. Wayne railroad. On Wednesday, for instance, thirty car loads of staples left the city.

The Findlay papers contain not quite one-half a column of real estate transfers weekly now, instead of the three columns of two months ago. Death is fast seizing Findlay's boom.

Bennett's opera company, which was to appear in Massillon for two nights, and which was a really excellent organization, had the bad taste to go to financial wreck before reaching this city.

The annual report of Mine Inspector Bancroft has just been issued. While the figures relating to the State, as a whole, have before been made public, the report contains much information of local interest.

A meeting of the board of managers of the Massillon Natural Gas and Oil Company was to have been held last night, but owing to the non-arrival of some drillers who were expected, it was postponed until they come.

The sanitary inspector is now making his rounds, and reports that he finds the city in better condition than it was at the same time a year ago, and that everybody seems anxious to do all they can to put their premises in proper condition.

There was a little blaze at Taylor Clay's foundry Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock, which destroyed the roof of the engine house. The fire department was not called upon, a bucket brigade succeeding in controlling the matter.

Mr. George Young has charge of a force of men engaged to do the street work required of the Massillon Water Company by the city council. Mr. Young is an experienced road builder, and he will make the most of his opportunities.

The gross earnings of the Wheeling and Lake Erie railway in the month of April, 1887, were \$63,109 against \$43,381 in the same month the year previous. The gross earnings of the Valley railway in April, 1887, and April, 1886, respectively were \$50,205 and \$44,515.

The Wooster paper mill was burned Sunday night. The loss was \$20,000. It will probably be re-built, but not in

Wooster. Massillon is just the point for strawboard works, having plenty of water, and if an effort were made, possibly it could be brought here.

The following is the new schedule on C. L. & W. railway that went into operation on Monday: Going north—No. 2, 6:10 a. m.; No. 24, 12:45 p. m.; No. 4, 3:45 p. m.; No. 6, arrives at 8:10 p. m. Going south—No. 5, 6:10 a. m.; No. 1, 9:59 a. m.; No. 17, 10:55 a. m.; No. 3, 7:13 p. m.

William Lape met with a painful and severe accident last week, while at work in Russell & Company's shops. His sleeve in some way caught in the machinery, and before he could be extracted his arm was terribly bruised, and it is feared that two ribs have been broken.

General Manager Woodford of the Wheeling and Lake Erie railway, has returned from the east, where he conferred with Dillon and the other purchasers of the Wheeling and Lake Erie. But he is a sealed book, and everybody is in dense ignorance concerning the future of the road.

Speaking of the new Methodist church recently decorated in Wooster, the *Republican* says: "The Bryant Bros., of Massillon, had the contract for the fresco decorations. This portion of the work attracts much attention by reason of its beauty and harmonious blending and coloring."

Another burglary has been reported at police headquarters. They managed to open the shutters of the house of George List, Tremont street, and went through it. So far as the family know, only five dollars were secured. No one was aware of the fact that the house had been entered until this morning.

We have inspected with pleasure the *MASSILLON DAILY INDEPENDENT*, launched boldly upon the uncertain sea of journalism. It is issued in excellent typographical style from the office of the weekly of the same name, is newsy and sparkling, and bids fair for a long and prosperous existence.—*Alliance Standard.*

Mr. I. S. Crooks, the first ward assessor, has partly completed his labors. The year for which he reports ended March 31, 1887. In that time there were 48 births, 25 males and 23 females, and 9 deaths. The enumeration of the male population over the age of twenty-one, footed up 528. There are no colored families in this ward at all.

From Alliance the word came last night to the police to be on the lookout for nine tramps, who were accused of attempting to pass counterfeit money. The officers found them having a luxurious night of it in straw stacks belonging to the Massillon Paper Company. They were committed to the city jail until morning. There was nothing to be done with them, so they were escorted to the city limits and incontinentally fired.

They are trying hard to work up a boom in Massillon. Too many old canal boats lying in the ditch.—*Salem Republican.* This is a joke. We're not trying to work up a "boom" as booms go. We are trying to develop our resources. As to the canal, if you do not know, you should know, that the northern division is the only part of the entire Ohio canal system that pays a handsome net profit, and has less money spent upon it for repairs than any other.

Mr. H. J. Crowley, superintendent of the Massillon Schuyler Electric Light Company, is in New York for the purpose of purchasing the right to the use of a twenty-four hour incandescent light system. This system includes a set of storage batteries which are charged at night and furnish sufficient power to supply the lamps at all times. The company now has a stock of lamps on hand and will soon be ready to enter actively into the field, expecting to compete with gas.

PERSONALITIES

And the Matters Which Agitate the Society World.

Fred Albrecht is spending the day in New Philadelphia.

Mr. James R. Dunn is off on a ten days' trip to St. Louis and Kansas City.

Mr. Ira A. Leighley has returned to his studies at Mt. Union college.

Miss Jennie Graham has gone to Canal Dover to remain a short time.

Ross Chaffin, of Orrville, is in town today, settling up some real estate matters.

A marriage license has been issued to John Bevan and Mary Lewis, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Weirich have moved into what was once the Episcopal rectory.

Mr. C. B. Allman, of Allman, Putnam & Lighley, is in New York, buying goods.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace C. Brown have returned from a visit of some weeks in Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Annie B. Knapp and Miss Mary B. Dangler are in Cleveland, the guests of Mrs. Howard J. Watkins.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Von Kanel have gone on a ten days' visit to Bowling Green, Postoria, and other cities.

Mr. Karl P. Miller, now of Pittsburg, hale and hearty, reached here last night, and proposes to remain all week.

Miss Cally Mundy, of New Philadelphia, and Miss Josie Beiter, of Canal Dover, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Boerner.

Edison J. Kennedy, a student of Wooster University, dropped into town for a short time last night, on his way home to New Philadelphia.

THE LATEST ENTERPRISE.

The Massillon and Canton Tally-Ho Line

BACKED BY THE WHEELING & LAKE ERIE AND VALLEY RAILWAY.

A Great Convenience for the Traveling Public That is Pretty Sure to Exist Very Soon.

By just the merest chance in the world Mr. R. McCue was met this noon, and the reporter having an inkling of what was on foot, drew from him an account of one of the most novel and interesting schemes proposed in Stark county for many a day. Before going on with the scheme, it must be made plain by a few statements of facts: Be it known that there is a vast amount of traffic between Canton and Massillon. Canton being the county seat must be reached daily by many Massillonians, and social and business engagements call for the presence of many residents of both places in each town every day. In the summer time hundreds of Massillon people would be very glad indeed to go to Meyer's lake if they only had the opportunity. But they can only get there by paying for a livery team and undertaking the unpleasant task of driving at night. The Valley railway in Canton reaches Akron and a number of other points very conveniently, and if the Massillon public only had a chance they would often take its trains. On our side the Wheeling and Lake Erie touches many places inaccessible from Canton. It is the only direct route in this part of the State to Toledo, Fremont, Norwalk and the other towns, and yet that miserable eight miles that separates us from Canton, prevents the Canton people from utilizing the Wheeling and Lake Erie, where they otherwise would.

Now Mr. McCue's plan alleviates the woes of the traveling public, and offers it facilities it never expected, and adds a tinge of romance that will make it peculiarly acceptable. Mr. McCue proposes a full fledged tally-ho coach line between Massillon and Canton. He has it all planned out, even to the smallest detail. But read on and it will be plain. To begin with the coaches themselves must be the orthodox vehicles of the kind one reads about, to seat twenty, ten on top and ten below. They must be painted gaily and the driver must be liveried, and able to blow his horn with skill. They must be drawn by a four-in-hand of splendid steeds, just such as the Massillon stables contain. The horses must have bells and trappings, and the whole outfit must be one that will do the heart of the most utterly gone novel reader good.

There must be four of these stages. One will leave each town at 7 o'clock in the morning, and thereafter make regular trips, say three a day. Stables will be kept up in each town, and the completeness in detail will make the trip at once a pleasure and a convenience.

Mr. McCue has gone a good deal further in his studies on the subject. He has called upon the general passenger agents of the Wheeling & Lake Erie railway, and Mr. Cook of the little road running to Meyer's Lake. These gentlemen were each highly pleased with the proposition, and Mr. McCue says that the enterprising man who is ready to embark in this business will be backed by the three railways in question. The railways will sell through tickets, to points on each other's roads, via the tally-ho line, and will give the manager of the overland route a very liberal commission. This they have agreed to do. Moreover, they will encourage him in every other possible way. Mr. Cook will build a little passenger station where his tramroad leaves the highway six miles east of the city, and will run trains from the Canton road to the lake in connection with the stages. Everything is planned to dovetail together beautifully, and it is a scheme that is bound to go through.

One of Miss Bensberg's Company.

Mr. Ross David, late of the Clara Louise Kellogg grand operatic concert season, 1885 and 1887, is a native of Detroit, Mich. He early developed a beautiful voice and attracted attention as a church singer. Removing to New York he placed himself under the tuition of the well-known vocal instructor, Mr. William Courtney. In due time he made his debut at the Academy of Music with brilliant success, singing with Miss Emma Thursby and other eminent artists. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, hearing the young tenor, engaged him to sing two seasons in grand operatic concerts. With a fine stage presence, Mr. David unites a well-schooled high tenor voice of lovely quality. His repertoire of English and Italian opera is large and varied.

IMPORTANT.

To All Subscribers of the Natural Gas Fund.

At a meeting of the Natural Gas and Oil Company, an assessment of 20 per cent was ordered upon all subscriptions, the same to be paid to the treasurer, Mr. M. W. Wilson, at the German Deposit bank, on or before Saturday, May 21, 1887. Postal card notices to this effect will be issued by the secretary, Mr. J. H. McLain, at once, and it is hoped that the responses will be prompt.

Grange Meetings.

The next regular meeting of the Stark county Pomona Grange will be held in Grange hall, Canton, O., Tuesday, May 24th. An interesting meeting is expected and a full attendance is desired.

E. P. CLAY, Secretary.

THE GAS COMPANY ORGANIZES.

The Committee Elects Officers and Prepares for Work.

There was a full meeting of the board of managers of the Massillon Natural Gas and Oil Company, held on Saturday night, in the office of the Hon. J. G. Warwick. The first business was to elect a permanent set of officers, which was done by the selection of the following: President, J. G. Warwick; vice president, F. H. Snyder; secretary, J. H. McLain; treasurer, M. W. Wilson; executive committee, J. F. Schrock, F. H. Snyder, Joseph Corns and A. L. Wetherald.

The bids, seventeen in number, were opened and examined. The committee will not let the contract until after corresponding to discover who and what the ambitious firms are. Until then, nothing can be said concerning any of the propositions.

Locations for the wells were talked about, but nothing was settled. It is quite likely that one will be sunk very near to the old East street well, and that the East street well itself will be deepened.

Miss Flora Williams.

Miss Flora A. Williams, who resides in Martin's Ferry, O., was born on Wheeling Island. She received her rudimentary musical instruction of Prof. Schofield in the public school at Martin's Ferry. For two years she studied under Mrs. Annie M. Shieh; under whom she gave the first song recital ever given in this city by a pupil and who in 1883, accompanied her to Chicago, where she placed her under the instruction of the eminent voice builder, Mrs. Sara Hershey Eddy. The development of her voice was so marked that at the solicitation of her many friends she went to New York and placed her self under the tuition of Mr. William Courtney, the leading male vocal instructor in the United States, and whose excellent training can at once be recognized in her singing. Her voice, which is a soprano of extreme purity, has a compass from A to C; and having, naturally, what few have, a powerful but sweet, and even voice, she has, by the excellent training she has received, acquired perfect intonation and excellent carrying power, which may be readily detected by her singing in the Alhambra. She has occupied the position of soprano in the Second Presbyterian church of this city and has held the same position in the Episcopal and First Presbyterian churches. She has also assisted with great success in the Opera House orchestra concert.—*Saugerfest Guide.*

An Important Switch.

Messrs. Warwick & Justus, the proprietors of the immense Sippo Valley Mills, have made arrangements for a railroad connection between their mills and the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railroad. The switch will commence at a point a little above the works of the Massillon Bridge Company, and will take a course almost due north to the road which is the continuation of Tremont street. It will cross the road on a trestle twenty feet high, and once across the Sippo creek will curve sharply west and follow along the abandoned road bank to the mills.

This will be of considerable importance, as it leaves only one link to complete a belt road across the city, though any extension now is not needed. It will be of great advantage to the firm, as heretofore they have been compelled to transfer everything with horses, thus giving steady employment to three teams. By the proposed route no one will be inconvenienced at all. The switch will be completed as soon as possible.

"Superior to Any."

In the afternoon Wallace's show was attended by a vast crowd, and if outspoken enthusiasm was any criticism the performance was certainly superior to any ever given in this city. The acts were many of them new and all were excellent. The horses and trained dogs were remarkable; the riding first-class, and in fact every act was par excellence. It would be unjust to mention any particular act, as all deserve comment. The clowns were funny without being rude. The ushers and attaches were all attention and politeness and did not annoy the audience with the usual vendors and peddlers. We heartily commend the show for its strict obedience to its advertised promises.—*Peru Journal.*

The Gun Club Shoot.

The following score was made Friday afternoon at the weekly shoot of the Gun Club:

	Singles.	Doubles.
J. H. Hunt.....	14	6
Joshua Gutz.....	12	6
J. Shant.....	13	5
D. Reed.....	13	6
H. W. Loeffler.....	15	9
C. E. McLain.....	11	8
F. A. Sharpnack.....	17	10
George Dobson.....	15	8
J. C. Putnam.....	12	5
O. Chanderford.....	10	5
P. Rumschen.....	11	5
G. T. Borden.....	15	8
John Rigdon.....	3	4
Donner.....	12	5
F. A. Brown.....	17	8
E. L. Arnold.....	15	8
F. H. Focke.....	9	6

Mr. Arnold took the first medal for singles, and Mr. Sharpnack on doubles.

A Truthful Remark.

The statements concerning Dr. Orton's mistakes, change of views and erroneous predictions are all trash. Dr. Orton has made mistakes in his geological work, it is true, but has made a thousand correct statements where he failed once, and facts have demonstrated this.—*Akron Times.*

COLEMAN, THE RELIABLE JEWELRY,

HAS AN IMMENSE STOCK OF OPTICAL GOODS,

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses in Gold, Silver, Steel, Rubber Shell and Zylonite Frames.

WE CAN SUIT YOU.

Prices Lower than the Lowest.

Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, clocks, Gold Pens, Musical Instruments, Etc.

COLEMAN'S, 5 Erie Street.

LOOK HERE! LOOK HERE!

The Largest Variety Latest Styles and Best Quality of Hats, Caps and Gentlemen's Furnishings at Prices that Defy Competition, at the

NEW HAT STORE.

We buy the best goods in the market and can sell them for less than others ask for more inferior goods. We sell good goods cheap, poor goods we don't keep, they are dear at any price. Silk and cashmere plug hats of latest style kept in stock. Our nobby crush hats take the lead. Our stiff hat for \$1.00, the best in the city. Stiff fur hats for \$1.25. Boys' soft hats for 25c. Silk caps for 25c. A full line of Star waists at prices to suit the purchaser. Fancy dress shirts for men and boys. The best 50c white shirt for men and boys in the world. Our \$1.00 shirt we guarantee a perfect fitting shirt of best quality, equal to any \$2.00 shirt in the city. Night shirts in all sizes. Plaid dress shirts, lawn tennis shirts. Latest novelties in collars, cuffs and ties. Trunks and valises in endless varieties. For bargains go to

Spangler & Wade,

No. 4 East Main Street, Massillon O.

J. V. R. SKINNER, Wall Paper and Window Shades.

We have just received a new lot of Bronzes, to retail at 25 cents. These papers embrace some of the best styles and most artistic colorings.

DON'T BUY ANY WALL PAPER UNTIL YOU SEE OUR LINE.

J. V. R. SKINNER.

CLAY MINERS STRIKE.

They Want Thirty-five Cents a Ton.

All the clay miners employed at the fire brick works owned by the Massillon Stone and Brick company north of the city, are out on a strike. They ask thirty-five cents a ton and are getting thirty. The operators say that they will not yield.

The Death of Jacob Rudy.

Jacob Rudy, a resident of Jackson Township, died on Saturday and was buried this morning. Mr. Rudy was born in Lancaster county, Pa., in 1808. He moved to Ohio in 1833 and settled in Lake township, remaining there only two years. He owned about six hundred acres of fine farming land. Mr. Rudy was one of Stark county's most substantial farmers, being known and respected by all.

A bill granting women school suffrage has passed both branches of the New Jersey legislature by large majorities. New Jersey is the fourteenth State to extend this right to women.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

JEWELERS.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie Street.

C. F. VON KANEL, West Side Jeweler, No. 5 West Main street.

Booming Trade in Carpets at RICKS'

Because we have just the

Nicest Assortment of STYLES.

Just think of it—Shilling a yard for carpet, up to the finest carpets.

All We Ask Is,

Come and see our goods, they talk for themselves.

OUR CURTAINS AND SCRIMS

Are very cheap at

RICKS'

J. C. LOWE,

The Tailor

HAS JUST RECEIVED

ELEGANT LINE

—OF—

Spring & Summer

GOODS

In all the latest shades and

makes, at

Prices Lower Than Ever.

Second Floor,

OPERA BLOCK.

Massillon.

Wheat, per bushel..... \$0.80

Oats..... 30

Corn..... 38/40

Barley..... 65/70

Hay, per ton..... 10.00

Legs, per doz..... 08

Butter..... 12

Lard..... 07

Potatoes..... 35

Family flour, per sack..... 1.05@1.10

AFTER WE ARE GONE TO REST.

After we are gone to sleep, after we are placed to rest.
Some will come and vigils keep, some will live beyond the best;
After we have passed away to our fathers gone before,
After life has had its day and our forms are seen no more—
Who will tread the paths we know, who will sing the songs we sing?
Who will watch the wintry snow, who will welcome joyous spring?
Who will love where we have loved, who will weep where we have wept?
Who will hold what we had proved, who will sleep where we have slept?
After we are gone away—vacant places, vacant chairs—
What is ours to own to-day, those to-morrow some one here.
After we have smiled and sighed, after we have loved so long,
Sadly laying joys aside—growing weak where we are strong;
What will be the tie to bind, what will be the other life?
What will we hereafter find, is it recompense for strife?
Hope has pleased to answer 'trust, souls before us all believe;
Heaven is broad and God is just, He has never yet deceived.
In the season's changing ways, in the oft-renewing spring,
In the summer's joyful days, comes new life to every thing.
As the husks are thrown away, as the leaves with earth unite,
Newer germs begin their day, brighter flowers are brought to light;
So the seasons, round and round, roll eternally between;
So our lives renewed are found—nature's loss is never seen—
On the earth so small at best, overhead such grandeur reigns,
Millions gone and millions blest, boundless room for us remains.
Shall we murmur or rejoice, shall we question One who knows?
Shall we not adopt His choice, live in hope in love below?
Then when we have gone to sleep, then when we have passed to rest,
There will be no friends to keep, cherished leads and memories blest;
Then this world so sweet to all—preface of eternal day—
Half inspiring may enthral—pointing to our Heavenly way.

HARRY HILDEBRITH.

LITTLE RODY;

Or the Story of One Season as a Planter—A Southern Sketch.
I stretched my canvas on a bare sweep of country where for miles I saw out hedge, and field, and sky. Shall I take into my stretch caught but the bare twigs and chirping birds of the one, the waving heads of chicken-corn, the ripened ears, and brown bowels of the other—naught but these and the blue of the last?

No—for out beyond the farthest hedge life-human shows. Log huts are grouped about the sparkling fountain, and a slim ribbon of water slips under the cotton-woods which fringe the artesian-well ditch.

About what central figure shall my sketches cluster? Shall they cluster about that young Alabama planter, but a boy in years, leaning in the doorway of his cabin? His broad hat set well to the back of his head, his hair in damp, dark rings about his forehead and neck. His ruddy tips drawn out like a strong-pulled bow, while like sharp arrows his whiskered imitation of bird notes fall on the heated air. His brows eyes look out wistfully toward the white road stretching up to the village, where somebody awaits his coming, somebody in a white dress with flots of white ribbon, with a breath of attar, not sweet as the breath of the wonderful rose of Judea.

Or shall I put forward ronder brown girl, little as a sprig of cotton-wood. Her flowered calico girded twice about her waist, showing the trend of her slim, strong feet. Three buckets of water she carries to her scrubby-back, a bucket in each hand, well balanced, she is, a tired on her head she bears, nor falls a drop on the thirsty ground. And her clear voice strikes the air as she sings a word and metaphor:

"Dan'el vuz the' in de den er de'n, Dan'el set er prap'ar to de Lord in Z'n, Dan'el he open his mouth ter sing— Wid praise er de Lord dem hurd rocks ring: Out my Lord.

Yes! my Lord.
Oh, he's him, Lord, he's dat 'ar po' man, Ef you he'n, Lord, I denno who can't! Ef you he'n de widdermes, En de rain him com his asked bres'; Ef you he'n de p'ar'el mood, En de black-crow come ter fetch him food, Oh, my Lord.

Yes! my Lord.
Ef de Lord him 'er him him distres' He'd be'n travel yit in de widdermes."

—Or how will I pass for a main figure that huge-limbed descendant of African barbarism? His legs hang almost to the ground as he belabors the dark mule stooping her head to drink from the water-trough. The negro's arms are bare, and his muscles wind about his huge bones like strong, writhing serpents. His oily face shines in the sun, his blue shirt is a bright patch of color on the brown landscape. The African holds in one hand a Texas halter of crimson with many little tassels dangling therefrom. Held by the halter, and bending now her dainty head over the trough, a small gray mule enjoys a coat but slightly brackish draught. Graceful creature, you shall bear chief part in my sketch.



FOR FALLS A DROP ON THE THIRSTY GROUND.

gito folk's airs wid me! Think kase you wot er robin's air, en dress-up my big-goty you's, better! dese beach planat'ion mools." Perceiving that the master is gazing far from the gathering of stock and hawks about the well, the African drives his heavy foot into the mule's side. Little Rody, for so the darkeys named her, springs back with that pitiful expression of brute helplessness, but cruel Princess has not been quick enough. Young Boss runs down from his cabin, and, jerking the long, fancy halter from

Princess, switches him two sharp licks across the face with it.

"Can't you let this mule alone? I'll blow your brains out. Did she kick? Was she fighting the stock? No, it was your infernal meanness that made you kick her!" The young fellow switches the halter about the negro's bare arms.

"Why don't you niggers leave off dovin' her?"

"Boss, I ain't never tech her!"

"She's same like er prin-cess ter me!"

"Roly, she sho is er strappin' little mool."

Throwing an arm over Rody's neck, the boy stands near the well until the long drove of plow steeds have been led to water; and, bringing up the rear of the procession which, with clanking of plow-



THROWING AN ARM OVER RODY'S NECK.

chains, wends its way to the stables, the young Abanibian himself leads Rody to her stall, and with his own hands puts the feed before her.

When the fall-fields are plowed and harrowed for the late crop of oats, the long row of hands stop side by side behind their plows across the rich and mellow ground. The sun shines full on the open fields, softened but little by the stronger blowing breezes of autumn and winter.

Working under the hot sun the negroes say to their mules:

"Hit's hard but it's fair Plowin' in de dirt-patch ain't easy, But dey corn cakes ain't good en greasy."

Before the fall oats have attained their growth, when the winter rains have set in, and all the acres are deep with black slush, the village merchants cust up their accounts.

"Has the young planter of Pleasant Place brought in his cotton?" the merchant asks his clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"How many bales?"

"Ten, sir."

"Ten, did you say? The boy plants a thousand acres, and he sends me but ten bales?"

"That's all, sir."

"He owes me a thousand dollars on advance, does he think to pay me with ten bales of cotton?"

"He's not quite through picking, he'll be in to settle with you to-day, he told me to tell you."

"Ten bales for a debt like mine?"

The days pass short and uneventful, there is naught but rain and mud. The merchant's clerk takes up his abode at Pleasant Place, he weighs and holds the late cotton which the hands bring in.

The youthful planter turns over the year's crop to the merchant, nor with that pays his advance debt. He makes arrangements to rent his acres. The stock and farm traps are sold at auction.

Sheltered by the darkness and dampness of the night the boy goes to the stalls, and with his arms about Rody's neck, sheds a few boyish tears over his failure.

He had been so eager and so confident, he had managed such a good lot of hands, fifty men and boys in the field he had.

That pretty little girl in town, he had brought so much to her of what success would come of his labors—had told her that she must see Rody, the prettiest mule in plow-harness, stepping down the cotton-row, tinkling the tiny bells on her collar, and feeling so proud of the fluttering red ribbons on her bridle—but now!

No dainty Rody leading the drove of mules to field. Ten dollars in his pocket, and the year's labor gone for that.

It was five years after this that I waited at a depot in New Orleans standing ready to hail the next Levee and Barnacks' car.

I waited with my friend, an Alabama Legislator, who was taking a three-days' holiday for Mardi Gras and the Exposition.

"Come," said he, "there's a car."

But no sooner had the driver put on the brakes and I had stepped in when my friend caught my sleeve.

"Come back," he said; "wait for another car."

Willing to gratify him, I got out. "What now?" I asked.

"Well," said he, laughing, "the car was full, but, to tell you the truth, I once owned the little gray mule that pulled that trap. Her name was Rody. How did I know she was my mule? I should know any piece of horse-flesh I ever cared for, even in Egypt. Why, look how she held her pretty head even with those twenty men on her. Poor little wretch! I couldn't have put two hundred more pounds on her little back."

"I loved that mule more than the finest thoroughbred I ever owned. I was a little shaver farming down in the prairies, and in my lot of mules was this dainty thing."

"I couldn't go often to the village, and the fellows on the plantation 'round were common overseers, so I had a pretty lonesome time. I took to petting Rody for a pastime. Whenever I went to town I brought back a ribbon or something mighty fancy to tie on her harness. I never let a nigger ride her; sometimes a wild chap stole her from the stall, but he paid for it every time; I thrashed him good for it."

"When I stayed night after night in my cabin, with nothing to do, nothing to hear but the swish of the rain on the roof, I used to lay awake hours thinking what I could put on little Rody to make her look finer—oh, I was a foolish young fellow!"

"How did she get down here? Poor little prairie pet, I'm sure I don't know. The poor little country-bred hasn't bettered herself by taking New Orleans for a home."

"I made a terrible failure the year I sold Rody. I stopped off, after working like a dog for a year, with ten dollars in my pocket."

"That's what turned me to the study of law, and politics just then were in a good state for a man, who could be bold and staunch, to win something of a name."

"May be that year's failure and the influence of a little girl I knew then will send me to Washington some day.—Hello! here's a car with a strong old mule to pull it. Come, get in!" But SHERMAN.

The below-zero weather had let up very perceptibly, and the old gentleman looked out of the parlor window into the moonlit scene below, when he had a clear vision of two well-remembered forms down near the sidewalk. "At it again!" he was constrained to remark with a faint premonition of asperity in his tone and manner; "I'm darned if they hain't struck their old familiar gale!"

How Mexicans Treat Their Dogs.

The treatment for mad dogs in this country, it is my firm belief, "knocks the Pasteur system out of the water." It is simple, too, in the extreme, being based upon one proposition namely not to let the dogs go mad. From early in the spring until the close of the warm season—if a climate so equable as that of Mexico may be said to have definite seasons—the observer here may note one feature which will remind him strongly of Alexandria and other points of the orient. Just inside the door of every establishment sits a vessel of more or less capacity, fast anchored by a chain, a cord, a rope or a leather thong. The swell shops have showy bowls of china, glass or decorated metal, with handsome chains, and thence the article runs down the scale to the makeshift contrivance of the poor for the same purpose. The other extreme may be seen in the wooden roughly dug out tray, the pipkin of coarse brown earthenware, which may be bought for a cent, or the exempt coal oil can cut down to a suitable height, which stand in the doorways of petty shops or across the grimy threshold of the dark dens of the charcoal sellers. But the use is the same wherever seen, and the tired and thirsty dog, who wags his vagabond tail while he laps the merciful, saving water is not so ungrateful as to discriminate in favor of the more costly holder.

Not long ago Mexico was visited by a gentleman, I may say, a national reputation, who adds to his journalistic and political achievements an enthusiastic and practical crusade in the ranks of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was much pleased with Mexico, save in one respect; he felt moved to inveigh bitterly against the inhumanity of the race. Among other allusions he expressed a bit of disapproval of bull fights. Now, a bull fight is a sport that in my heart of hearts I detest; therefore I moved to a swift defense, and among other points I adduced that of this merciful provision for vagrant dogs, which the enthusiast was fain to admit went far to offset the practice of loading on mules bunches of chickens tied together by the feet, heads down. "All things come round to him who will but wait," and one day when "those other two legged beasts of burden," the peons, shall be emancipated in the spirit as in the letter, the lower order of animals will come to receive more consideration.—City of Mexico Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Luck of the Prince of Wales.

The Neues Wiener Tagblatt informs us that the Prince of Wales is regarded on the continent as having a singular lucky hand at games of chance. "The day before the earthquake he appeared in Monaco, and tried his luck in just at trente et quarante. His success was so satisfactory that the prince resolved to venture at roulette the sum which he had won at the other game. Here again luck followed him like a dutiful servant, and in a very short space of time he left the salon with a gain of £2000 sterling." The incident reminds the Vienna Journal of the equally fortunate play of the prince a year ago, when he was the guest of Count Tuffin Prasties at Buda-Pesth. "In one single night the future ruler of England won nearly a quarter of a million gulden in a well known aristocratic club. The prince told his fellow players that he would give them an opportunity for revenge as soon as he returned from his hunting tour. Fourteen days later he appeared at the club, according to his promise. The revenge, however cost his opponents 8,000 florins!" It appears from the same journal that the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, the Crown Prince Rudolph, is not quiet so prodigal and reckless in gaming as the Hungarian nobles. He will only play for very small stakes. Like the aged German emperor, who thinks that a sum of fifty pennig is as much as a king or prince should venture at a time.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Have Had Their Day.

Those who have watched the rise, progress and decline of the height and depth—most of all the depth—of the absurdity of fashion or blank idiosyncrasy in the matter of pug dogs may now whisper peace to their souls and rejoice that the worst is over.

To be sure, the sweet doggies yet loll in their mistress' laps, thrust their impudent and ugly mugs out of carriage windows and luxuriate in cushions, sweet robes, perfumed baths, doting caresses and kisses and delectable food. They still wear embroidered harness, the most stunning feature of which is the handle by which they may be carried over puddles and escape wetting their paws, or escape being devoured by larger, intelligent dogs, or escape filling death from being scratched into eternity by cats. They still wear little blankets to protect them from pneumonia, and charming feminine ingenuity, which ought to devote its cunning in adorning robes for future presidents and politicians, exhausts itself in the details of their neckwear.

But, though human or feminine reason and affection seem to have fled to brutes, there is evidence that the worst is over. The decree is that young women shall no longer carry doggies—wear them, so to speak.—Worcester Telegram.

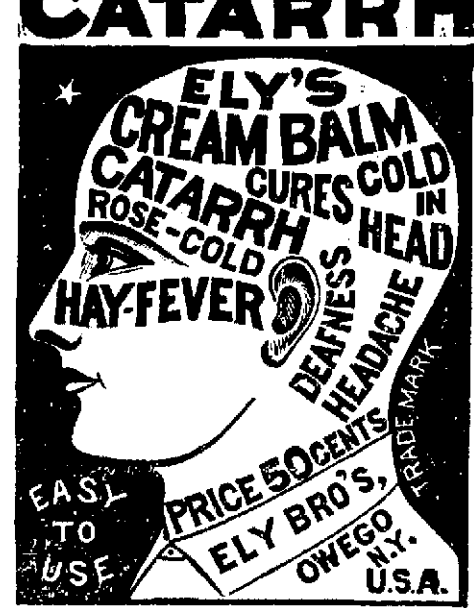
Sight and Smell of Birds.

A hawk can spy a lark upon a piece of earth almost exactly the same color at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to a man or dog; a kite soaring out of human sight can still distinguish and pounce upon lizards and field mice on the ground; and the distance at which vultures and eagles can spy out their prey is almost incredible. Recent discoveries, and especially Darwin's observations, have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell with which they were once accredited. Their acute sight seems better to account for their actions, and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never sniff at anything, but dart straight at the object of their desire. Their counterparts in the ocean, however, undoubtedly see and smell equally well, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both sharks and rays the eyes are good, and have a most distinct expression; though since they scent their prey from a distance, and swim up to it with great rapidity, "smell," as Lapeepee says, "may be called their real eye."—Chambers' Journal.

Total of the National Wealth.

The census report of 1880 places the total of the national wealth at \$43,642,000,000. Of this amount \$10,197,000,000 are credited to the farms; \$9,881,000,000 to residences and business real estate; \$5,536,000,000 to railroads and their equipments; \$5,000,000,000 to household furniture, books, pictures and the like; \$2,000,000,000 to live stock; \$6,000,000,000 to agricultural products remaining over and \$2,000,000,000 to churches, school houses, public buildings and institutions of one kind and another. There was also a considerable miscellaneous list.—New York Sun.

CATARRH

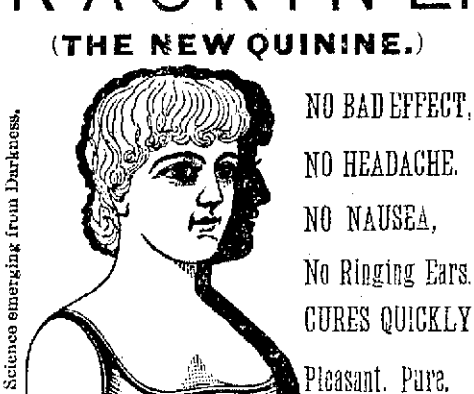


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(THE NEW QUININE.)



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FOR COLDS KASKINE HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE ALMOST A SPECIFIC. Superior to quinine. Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., "Universally successful."

Mr. F. A. Miller, 630 East 167th Street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extra me malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.

Mr. Charles Buxler, architect, 133 East 126th Street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of dumb ache in three months after quinine treatment for 10 years.

Mrs. J. Lawson, 111 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, was cured of malarial and nervous dyspepsia of many years standing by Kaskine, the quinine treatment having wholly failed.

Dr. Jas. L. Hall, chaplain Albany Penitentiary, writes that Kaskine has cured his wife, after twenty years suffering from malarial and nervous dyspepsia.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice, \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Merchants & Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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Beautify Your Homes.

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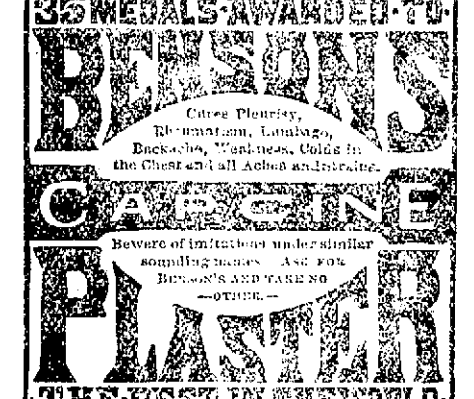
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DR. SCOTT, 941 Broadway, N. Y.

A CONFESSOR'S STORY.

"Father!"—the trembling voice betrayed the troubled heart. "Be not afraid," I softly answered. "Who is he?" Dead until all but misery! And yet, a child of innocence in mine—his unknown whence His origin—witness, unaware, As with an angel's watchful care, Thy gentle hand had guided. Now He waits the consecrating vow Of priesthood, and to-morrow stands A Levite, with uplifted hands, To bless thee. May a mother dare To look upon that face and share, Unseen, the blessing of her son? Deny me not. So be it done To thee in thy last agony As now thou dost unto me!"

She had her place. Secluded there, Within a cloistered, sacred prayer, She saw and wept; then all unknown Shrank back into the world alone.

Days passed. A winter's cheerless morn, With summons came. A soul forlorn Cried help in danger imminent; And Charles, on his mission went The new anointed.

"Strange," he said, "The gleams, like inspiration, shed Upon the dying: There she lay, Poor reprobate! life's stormy day In clouds departing. Suddenly, As from a trance, beholding me, 'Giulio! hast thou come?' she cried, And, with her arms about me, died."

He wondered, and I turned away, Lest tears my secret should betray. —John B. Tabb in The Independent.

KATIE'S ENGAGEMENT.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather, Charley," I said, "when Miss Kate asked me to accompany her brother."

"It would require a pretty strong leather," he replied. "And what did you say?"

"Of course I wanted your permission. She quite understood that; and it is arranged that to-morrow I am to call at the house and let her know."

"If you want to go, Lucy, go by all means," said he, taking up the newspaper.

"It's not so much that, but you see we should gain something for the winter. The child wants clothes; I want a few things myself, and your shirts, Charley, are fraying out dreadfully."

"That's right! bring me in and get your own way. You're a fine diplomatist, Lucy—a trifle transparent, but quite the right thing."

"Then I may go, Charley?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "I will try to manage without you for a month."

I kissed him over the paper, and he laughed. Indeed, I am not quite sure that he didn't rather enjoy the prospect; but I held my tongue, and next day made my arrangement with Miss Kate, who had asked me to accompany her into Switzerland, where she was to stay awhile with her aunt and cousins.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Farmer," she said. "Father would not have been so satisfied if you had not consented to go with me. I hope Mr. Farmer does not mind much."

"Not much, miss. When do we start?"

"Next Monday," she replied; and that day we quitted home, coming through London to Dover, where we slept that night.

It was in the spring, I should have told you; and the passage was a little rough; the day was chilly too. It wasn't natural that Miss Kate should travel unnoticed, and before we reached Calais a gentleman and his sister, a pleasant spoken couple, were talking to her. They were also going into our part of the country—some place ending in "berg"—but whether ice-berg or Snow-berg, or some other name, I can't distinctly say—I think it was Zweiberg, or Two Mountain valley.

The young gentleman and his sister were going in the same direction. Their name was Neville. They had no servant, so it was well I was there, and waited on Miss Neville, who was, I must say, liberal in her notions; so Charley's shirts were soon paid for.

We traveled quickly enough, but one day, as we were waiting for a steamer to carry us on from some place which I forget to another that I can't exactly now remember, I got a shock which nearly turned me into the image of Lot's wife.

Close to Miss Kate, unseen by her, stood a desperate man I knew too well—Gideon Grasper! Yes, the man she had refused—the man who had sworn to be revenged—the unscrupulous Grasper himself!

He had disappeared from our village after that wreck business, which no one could rightly fathom, when Miss Kate repulsed him. There was some talk—for our folk are rare gossipers—but no one as far as I had even seen him until now.

I was alone, bag in hand, watching her as she stood on the little landing stage, deep in thought, while Miss Neville watched the steamer, and Mr. Neville was hurrying down with the big bag after me.

I was in a terrible fright for fear Miss Kate should see Grasper. He kept aside and watched; he meant mischief, yet in some respects he was changed; his hair and beard were long, his dress was almost German-like, and he was smoking a china pipe. But his eyes were as cruel and vindictive as ever; and I shuddered as I saw him fasten them on Miss Kate. Fourteen months had made a deal of difference in his appearance; I doubt if he had altered in himself.

Up came the little steamer, and we all went on board. Mr. Neville attached himself to Miss Kate, and I could see him whispering to her; and she laughed, but blushed all the same, and said, "Just fancy such a thing!" a favorite saying of hers. Gideon Grasper was forward, and made no sign until I went near the engine, when he came behind me and whispered:

"Are they engaged, eh? Tell me, quick!"

"How dare you address me like that?" I asked, turning on him in English plain as his face.

"You're not the queen of England, nor yet the empress of Russia, so I suppose I can talk to a country woman. My dear Mrs. Farmer, you are looking younger than ever—ten years at least."

"Mr. Gideon Grasper," I said, "I can't return the compliment, and I require none of yours. We are strangers since you wrecked that bark."

"Told your tongue!" he hissed, "or it will be bad for you and your baby faced girl yonder. I suppose you know she is engaged to me?"

"To you?" I exclaimed. "Oh, heaven forgive you such a story! Why, she hates you!"

"Does she? Then she'll have to change her mind. I have her promise, in writing, more than eighteen months old; and it was never retracted. I can claim her—or—"

"Or what?" I asked, trembling at his eyes as they searched me through—"Or what?"

"Or she'll not live to marry any one else! Do you suppose I didn't know she has come away to avoid me? Yes, she has; but Gideon Grasper is not the man to give up his sweetheart. I've suffered enough for her already. Now go and tell her, if you like. But, mind, I am at your elbow, and can have you arrested at any moment, if I please, as Russian Nihilists."

"You're a demon, Gideon Grasper—a malignant demon; that's what you are!"

"Then I'll act the character, you may depend, Mrs. Farmer. So be warned, you and Miss Babyface!"

He turned away, and I waited until he had disappeared amongst the other passengers. Then I came aft again, and at once perceived that something had happened to Miss Kate and Mr. Neville. There was a shyness in her manner, and a sort of proprietary, proud like look in his face, which convinced me that he had been saying something sentimental, and she showed she understood it.

But they must not be engaged. The threat of Gideon Grasper had been too significant. I would have interfered had not the boat stopped at our landing place. We went ashore. Gideon Grasper was not there. I began to breathe more freely. We went to the hotel all together; and when we reached Miss Kate's room, she turned and said:

"Mrs. Farmer, I think it only right to tell you, who have always been so good to me, that Ful—I mean Mr. Fulcher Neville—has proposed to me, and I have told him that!"

"You promised Gideon Grasper a year or so ago," I whispered.

"Mrs. Farmer, you are unkind—I told Mr. Neville that if he held to his opinion in three months, I would become engaged to him—if I didn't change my mind," she added with a laugh.

"Miss Kate, excuse me; I'm an elderly woman—leastways, a married woman and a mother. Take my advice—don't lead him on too far. Do make up your mind. Remember Grasper; he is almost desperate."

"Let him be wholly desperate, then," she replied airily. "Am I not to amuse myself at all? Mr. Grasper, indeed?"

"He is a determined man, miss," I ventured.

"So am I a determined woman, Lucy—if I may call you so—I defy Gideon Grasper and all his works. I shall do as I please!"

After awhile we reached our destination; and to this day I am not certain whether the place was in the Tyrol or Switzerland. I say "was"—not is—for a vestige of the village remains to tell the tale which I know to be so true. Zweibergthal was the place, and there are two mountains, one on each side of it, fine, rugged, snow clad, fringed mountains, much bigger than our country's hills, but not so green and rounded.

We found Miss Kate's relations living on a what they call a pension, though the family are well off, too; and what the "pension" is for I can't say. Mr. and Miss Neville also came to the same boarding house, and I need hardly tell you that they were falling fast into love. It was as plain as possible. He was a pleasant, well spoken gentleman, and Miss Kate was as charming, and I must say, as careless as ever.

One day she and I had ascended a little way up one of the Zweibergs—I can't tell their real names: something about a "stock." We had climbed up, alone, for a wonder; and while I was resting, Miss Kate went on a little farther. She had been gone some time when I heard a scream above me, and looking up saw her running down, pursued by a strange man, who, as he came nearer, I perceived was Gideon Grasper.

He was excited and angry. He yelled at her to halt, but she only ran the faster, passing me without stopping. Gideon saw me in his way and halted as I held out my arm to check him. He was glaring like a wild bull; the man was going mad, I believe.

"She shall never be his—never!" he screamed. "If I have to move the mountains to fall on her she shall die!"

Then he turned away toward the snow, which lay thickly above us, glinting in the hot sun.

Hot, indeed! It was beautifully warm; and to think of so much heat near so much snow was wonderful. I said as much to the man at the "pension," who spoke some English.

"Yes," said he, "it is hot, a great deal too hot for the time of year. We don't like it."

"We do," said I; and off I walked, thinking there was something odd in his manner.

I found Miss Kate all of a tremble. Gideon had frightened her; and threatened her, but she was more than ever determined to become engaged to Mr. Neville. So when, three days afterward, he suggested a little picnic to a small hut on the side of the mountain, where there was a lovely view of a lake and a fine waterfall, she gladly assented, and did all she could to make up a pleasant party.

I was to go, and Mr. and Miss Neville, Miss Kate's cousins, too, and two German students. A guide and a porter were engaged to show the way and to help any one who wanted help, and to carry the baskets. It was a lovely, bright, warm morning, perfectly still, not a breath of air stirring, only the hum of insects or the sound of a cow bell could be heard; and, as we proceeded, the roar of a cataract from the melting snow field above us.

The guide and porter walked in front by themselves chatting. Another man—some one in skins and bare knees, with a high feathered hat—came behind by himself, as if watching us; but no one took any notice of him. My only fear was about Gideon Grasper, and for his interference, and of something the landlord had said about the snow falling.

We reached the hut and had lunch. After lunch Miss Kate and Mr. Neville rambled off and so did I. Although we took opposite directions, they soon came round near me; and as I sat in a dreamy, wondering way, thinking of home, I could occasionally hear their voices.

Mr. Neville was pleading hard, and Miss Kate was yielding. He seemed quite satisfied, for I heard him say, "Then, dearest, you are mine!" in a loud voice, when another voice in threatening tones alarmed me. I knew too well who it was—Gideon Grasper!

I jumped up. There was the man in the Tyrolean hat grasping his gun. That man, then, was Gideon.

He was speaking sternly, firmly, but without apparent anger. Every now and then he glanced up the mountain in a half alarmed manner, as if some presentiment weighed upon him. But I soon approached, and understood his words.

"Marry her at your peril, then!" he shouted, handling his gun.

Mr. Neville thought he was going to be shot, and leaped upon Grasper. There was a shouting and a struggle. Miss Kate screamed. The guide and porter and the Germans were all shouting at something or somebody in warning tones. Suddenly the gun went off—both barrels at once—with a tremendous roar. The

echoes came back over and over again in the still air; the concussion seemed tremendous.

Suddenly a hiss was heard—a roar; a great lump of snow had tumbled from the overhanging mass, and had fallen in the belt of fir trees some yards away, and higher up than we were.

"Come back! come back!" shouted the Germans in English. Miss Kate's consternation screamed out "Avalanche!" But Mr. Neville still gripped Grasper.

Suddenly a sound like a pistol shot was heard. Then we all looked up. The whole mountain was moving, sliding down—a white slope of thick snow, with a noise of ten thousand boiling kettles hissing like millions of snakes! A crashing of timber high up the mountain!

We turned and ran for the hut under the rock, in which the others had taken shelter, as we fancied, because they had disappeared. But when we reached the hut, in about ten seconds, it was empty. They had escaped down the hill with the guides.

We had no time to think. A tremendous roar seemed to crush the air down on us; then a crunching crash like cart wheels in snow ruts a thousand times magnified. The light died out. We were buried alive in the avalanche.

"Miss Kate!" I screamed—"Mr. Neville!"

"Yes; here we are," they replied.

"Gideon Grasper—is he here too?" I said.

There was no answer. Then he had been caught in the avalanche and suffocated! A terrible doom!

We were silent for awhile. I cannot tell you what the others thought. I know I prayed very earnestly. Occasionally I could hear Mr. Neville comforting Miss Kate; and after awhile he spoke to me.

"Mrs. Farmer, will you come here? I think Miss Canton has fainted; she is heavy and cold," he whispered.

I stepped toward his voice, which sounded so curious in the darkness and deathly silence, and took Miss Kate in my arms. She lay passive. I placed her on the floor, and loosened her dress, so as to revive her. We felt the awful silence. Then I perceived a touch on my face. It was cold; and Mr. Neville said:

"Give her some of this."

I took the flask and poured a few drops down Miss Kate's throat—and, I may say, drank a little myself. Mr. Neville said he didn't want any; and he kept feeling his way about the little hut, trying to find the door or window.

"If we only had a light," I cried, "we might save Miss Kate. I am afraid she is dying. If we could only see!"

"What a fool I am!" exclaimed Mr. Neville. Then after a pause I heard him striking a match. In another second the hut was lighted by a wax vesta.

"I have six or seven more," he said. Then he stooped, and by the light of the tiny taper we saw that Miss Kate was pale as death, her eyes and mouth tightly closed, her hands clenched and rigid.

"Force some cordial down her throat," he said. "I will chafe her feet;" and he knelt down.

"Hold another match, sir," I said.

"Look; what's that yonder?"

He jumped up. "An old lantern and a bit of candle in it. Now we are all right."

He had apparently forgotten the terrible situation we were in. The candle was lighted, and while it burned we turned all our attention to Miss Kate. After awhile she again breathed regularly, and then the candle went out.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Neville, who was nearly crying, too. "Oh, my darling, you are better now! Kate, dearest, speak to me!"

She only closed her eyes wearily.

"Keep her awake, for heaven's sake! keep her awake! She will die if she sleeps," he screamed; "I would give my life for hers."

He rushed toward the doorway, and began wildly to pick out handfuls of the snow. Was he mad? I called to him and begged him to desist. He raved and seemed demented in truth, calling Miss Kate, who lay still in my arms, while I caressed her, and did all I could to keep her awake.

At length Mr. Neville calmed down in despair. He came and sat beside me, holding Miss Kate's hands, and occasionally kissing them, as I could hear.

How long we remained seated thus I cannot tell you. It seemed hours, when suddenly we heard a third overhead.

"We are saved!" shouted Mr. Neville. "They are digging for us. Shout! shout!"

We two shouted. A cry answered us. Then we heard voices plainly. At length a gray light came in. A man with a rope leaped down from what seemed a white shell overhead; and we were drawn up as tenderly as babes.

We were laid, wrapped in blankets, on stretchers, and carried to what remained of the village. It had been nearly demolished, and many of the inhabitants still lay buried in the landslide which accompanied the avalanche. Most fortunately the "pension," at the extremity of the valley, escaped, with some few houses; but the village is no more. Our friends were all safe.

It was long before Miss Kate recovered. Her father came out with Miss Rose and carried her home. Mr. Neville and his sister accompanied them to London. I was sent home before that, for I was very anxious about Charley; but some weeks after my return Miss Kate drove up in her little pony chaise and overdid me with thanks and kisses.

"Mr. Neville is coming to stay here, Mrs. Farmer, and we are engaged to be married in August." Then she whispered: "Did you hear about poor Gideon Grasper?"

"No, miss," I said in surprise. "What about him?"

"It was he who carried the news of our danger to the villagers, and who rescued us. He managed to avoid the track of the avalanche after all."

"Poor Grasper!" I exclaimed. "Did you hear what became of him, miss?"

"Yes; he came and begged my pardon, and lectured me kindly, too—gave me advice never to play with a man's feelings again; and oh! Mrs. Farmer, I am so sorry; I am afraid I have been a miserable flirt."

She began to cry, and I comforted her. Then she said that Gideon had left for America, and her father had supplied him with ample means.

"And so you are really going to be married, miss?" I said, after a while.

"Yes, Mrs. Farmer, I am really—in August. Fancy that!"

It was no fancy. She was married, and is still very happy in her new home, for although she had tolerated some gentlemen for a while, and had had many offers of marriage, she found her match in Mr. Neville, and with him she kept her last engagement.—Lucy Farmer in Cassell's Magazine.

Among the things cheapened by dishonest tricks is "skinned" oil of peppermint, which is meant the oil deprived of its menthol.

Rheumatism & Neuralgia Cured in 2 Days.

The Indiana Chemical Co. have discovered a compound which acts with truly marvelous rapidity in the cure of rheumatism and neuralgia. We guarantee it to cure any and every case of acute inflammatory rheumatism and neuralgia in 2 days, and to give immediate relief in chronic cases and effect a speedy cure.

On receipt of 20 cents, in two-cent stamps, we will send to any address the prescription for this wonderful compound, which can be filled by your home druggist at small cost. We take this means of giving our discovery to the public instead of putting it out as a patent medicine, it being much less expensive. We will gladly refund money if satisfaction is not given.

THE INDIANA CHEMICAL CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

It is curious fact,

That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Susan Coolidge (Miss Woolsey) has built a handsome house in Newport from the profits of her stories. She is notably fond of children and parrots. She has an ancient bird who parades up and down her lawn, communicating with himself, and visitors say that he quotes volubly from his mistress' writings.

Dr. Frazier's Throat & Lung Balm is the greatest cure for colds, coughs, croup, sore throat, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, quins, croup, laryngitis, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Scores and hundreds owe their lives to it. It softens the lungs and instantly relieves all irritation of the throat. Never neglect a cough. It may prove fatal. Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balm, taken in time, will save your life. It is put up in large family bottles and sells for the small price of 50 cents per bottle at Z. T. Bantz's drug store. 30 cent.

Mrs. Mancel Talcott, of Chicago, has established and maintains two day-nurseries for the children of working-women. One thousand children on an average are cared for in these nurseries every month.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, better, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Bantz.

Miss Kate Field was given a reception at Salt Lake City, the other day, by the Woman's Relief Corps, of the G. A. R., and was presented with a gold badge set with diamonds in recognition of her services in securing anti-Mormon legislation.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is the only cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Mayville, Ky., says: "Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Dr. Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by Z. T. Bantz at 50c and 15c per box. 20c o w

Miss Susan L. Hall has been appointed by Judge Knapp clerk of the court at Great Falls, N. H. She is the first woman in New Hampshire to hold such a position. She is young, but comes of a family of lawyers, and is well qualified.

Send five cents to J. S. Martin, North Lawrence, Stark county, Ohio, for a sample of the American Healing Salve, good for man and beast, especially adapted for kicked or shoulder sore horses. Regular size, 50 cents per box. 15c

The W. C. T. U. of New Hampshire is circulating a petition for the protection of women, which will be presented to the legislature at the meeting in June.

As a raindrop foretells a storm, so does a pimple upon the human body indicate health-destriving virus in the blood, which can be neutralized and expelled only by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

The fine trotting bred stallions (Long's Hiatoga) and (Brown Chief) will make the season of 1887, as follows on Monday and Tuesday at New Berlin, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week at Wm. Sinnock's stables in Massillon during the season. Hiatoga is a fine bay, no white, weighs 1,300 pounds. Brown Chief is a dark brown, weighs 1,075 pounds. For pedigree and terms see bills.

GEO. ZIELLEY.

Mrs. Norman White has offered a prize to the Princeton students for the best history of architecture.

OH! MY BACK, MY BACK!

RELIEVED IN ONE MINUTE.

Backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all other pains, relieved in one minute.

Established 1860.

FAY'S VANILLA ROOFING!

See the lead: does not corrode like tin or iron, nor is it liable to rust or decay. It is applied by hand, and is as durable as the roof of tin.

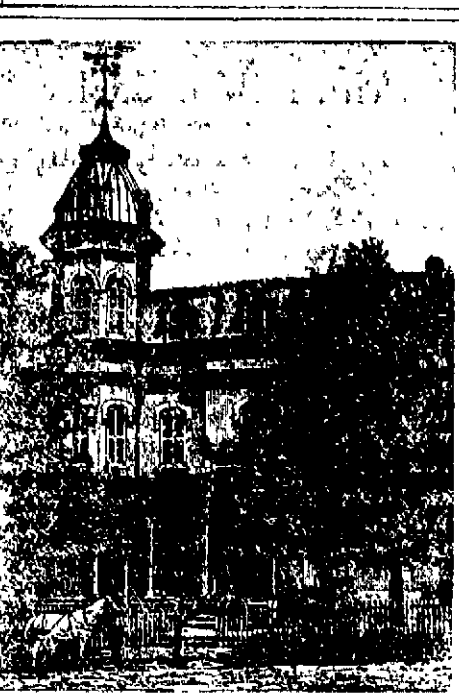
For particulars, apply to J. H. Fay, at the corner of Main and Third Streets, New York.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

For Coughs, Croup, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Headache, Stomach Troubles, and all other ailments.

Deafness

Agents wanted



A HOME

For the treatment of CANCER, FEMALE DISEASES, CONSUMPTION, HEMORRHOIDS, and all other diseases. The Vapor Bath, Electricity, Compound Oxygen, and the most Scientific Treatment used in making cures. Hemorrhoids are cured by a new and rational method, no cutting or ligating, and a cure warranted in every case. Every case of Cancer we have taken has remained cured. The Institute gives the comfort of a home life, and is most pleasantly situated within five minutes walk of the depot. For particulars address H. C. ROYER, M. D., Massillon, Ohio, enclosing stamp for reply.

DR. SCHILLING'S

HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET.

CAUTION—Do not let others lead you into buying worthless imitations, as this is the CORSET that has been worn by the SPRING ELASTIC SECTION CORSET and money will be refunded to wear after four weeks' wear, if not perfectly satisfactory.

For Sale by Ricks & Bros.

John Baker Thompson, Caterer, Baker, Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street, MASSILLON, OHIO.

COAL! COAL!

PRICE REDUCED!

\$2 PER TON.

The Sippo Coal Company

will deliver the Best Quality

of Coal until further notice,

at the very low price of \$2.00

per ton.

SIPPO COAL CO.

September 15, 1886.

TUN KEE'S CHINESE STEAM LAUNDRY.

No 2 East Tremont Street. Will be pleased to show the public the finest work ever produced in his line. One call will convince you of his fine and superior workmanship.

Shirts, 10c; Cuffs per pair, 4c; Collars 2 for 5c

Work taken every day in the week and returned on the second or third day thereafter.

The Richest Humorous Book of the age is SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA

by Josiah Allen's Wife. Miss Holly spent all last season and the whirl of fashion at Saratoga, and takes off its follies, flirtations, low neck-dressing, pug dogs, etc. in her inimitable mocking-provoking

CORRESPONDENCE.

Notice to Correspondents.—Communications are solicited from all parts of the county. To insure publication the same week all letters must reach the (INDEPENDENT) office not later than Wednesday noon. Letters must be brief and to the point, and all are subject to revision and condensation.

NAVARRE.

Al Fischer, of Akron, spent Sunday in our midst.

Our citizens have taken to killing the sparrows. "Good act."

High school commencement exercises in Opera Hall Friday evening.

Misses Laura Downey and Anna Deidler visited Beach City friends Sunday.

Lew Stitzel, of Loudonville, has been for a few days at the home of Phil Loew.

Mrs. Martha Bach, of Evansville, O., is visiting at the home of her son, C. D. Henderson.

Miss Ada Shusser visited here the forepart of the past week, the guest of Miss Lizzie Corl.

Miss Ludie Long, of Akron, and Miss Carrie Killinger, of Massillon, were the guests of Miss Laura Garver the past week.

The Massillon Daily Independent makes an enviable impression upon the minds of readers generally. We predict for it a long life.

Rev. G. M. Shuey, of West Virginia, will preach in the Lutheran church next Sunday, at 2:30 p. m. It will be an in-troductory sermon.

The organ to be given away in the Catholic church fair, which will take place June 19-22, inclusive, is now on exhibition in D. H. Dinins' jewelry store.

Parties from this place have leased land near Bolivar, owned by John Lebold and Jacob Manner and the Zear society, and have commenced prospecting for coal.

BROOKFIELD.

John Kroft is the father of a bouncing boy.

S. A. Peters is again drilling for coal on the "section."

Work has begun on the new church at East Greenville.

Douglass and Stauchlin are sawing the timber for Conrad Stutler's new barn.

Miss Cal. Houliet has hired to teach the primary department of the Meyers school.

Dr. Stantler and wife, formerly Miss Senora Kashner, of Homeworth, O., are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

From present indication Brookfield will not have a base ball club this season. The cause is too much work. The boys can't find time to practice.

The school directors of this place have hired Miss Mary Houliet and Miss Ida Brooks to teach the secondary and primary departments of our schools.

The East Greenville dramatic club will give an entertainment for the benefit of the new M. E. church of that place on Friday night, May 27, at East Greenville.

The funeral of Peter Allen, the young man who was killed at Elton last week, passed through here last Sunday. He was buried in the cemetery north of town.

David A. Levers drilled a seventy-five foot hole on his father's farm and found four feet of coal last week. There will soon be a new mine on that territory. Engineers were out last week leveling the drill holes and locating a switch.

CHAPMAN.

Mrs. Benjamin Edwards spent Sunday with friends at Sherodsville, O.

Our village is being flooded with the Wilcox & White organs. Several sales have already been made.

Pay day at the coal mines with a little circus from Massillon made things lively Saturday evening.

We are thankful to Chief Inspector Bancroft for a copy of his report. Time has prevented us from giving it due notice.

Mrs. William Forrest, sr., is in a precarious condition with a cancer at the root of her tongue, similar to that which caused the death of Gen. Grant.

The five cents advance for mining coal is slow coming, but they tell us its sure. Hern Brook is again working but we failed to ascertain the conditions.

Wm. Crookson has been appointed by Mr. J. P. Barton to take charge of the Hern Brook mine. This was a good selection, and Billy, we wish you success.

There was considerable changing done at the brick plant last week. The foreman being excused, and Mr. J. D. Evans promoted to his place. The clay mine is now closed until the stock on hand is consumed.

Our assessor, P. A. Larkin, has completed his work for this precinct, and made his settlement with the auditor last Friday. His report shows considerable falling off in grain, but for all that our precinct is nearly \$3,000, or richer than it was last year. The report of births shows our population to be increasing rapidly, and that too without the benefit of any natural gas boom.

Humors run riot in the blood at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels every impurity and vitalizes and enriches the blood.

New Jersey has raised the age of procreation for girls to sixteen.

THE NEW COUNCIL.

Pokes the Water Company.

CONFIRMS THE MAYOR'S EXCELLENT APPOINTMENTS.

And Does Some Other Work—Holds for Curbing—The Main Street Bridge and Other Matters.

As President Blumenschein intimated last week, he was possessed by an intense longing to gaze into the countenance of each of our councilmen by seven-thirty o'clock sharp thereafter, and they complied with the request by ambling smilingly in about eight o'clock.

BIDS.

The bids for the curbing and paving to be done by the city were opened. Ph. Fuchs offered to put in stone curbing at 30c. per square foot, and paving at 25c. per square yard. S. A. Clemens proposed to do the work at the following rates: 23c. per square foot, for curbing, and 25c. per square yard for paving, or would do the work, the city furnishing the material, for 10c. per yard. John Russell is willing to accept as compensation 20c. per square foot for curbing, Massillon stone to be used, or 30c. per square foot if he used Mt. Vernon stone; paving, 25c. per yard. The Vogt Stone Company will put in curbing at 30c. per square foot. A bid from Jacob Young, having been handed in after the opening of one communication, was, upon motion ruled out.

Mr. Len moved that the bids be referred to the committee on paving and grading with power to act upon them. The motion was carried.

ORDINANCES.

An ordinance providing for the establishment of a grade upon Fay street was read for the second time, also an ordinance to amend an ordinance fixing the bonds of city officers.

PETITIONS.

A petition was presented to the council by residents on East Oak street, requesting that the water company be instructed to extend the main on that street, that they might have access to the water.

On motion the petition was referred to the committee on water works.

NOMINATIONS.

The mayor sent in the following names as appointees to the board of park commissioners: J. W. McConnells, 3 years; Paul Kirchhofer, 2 years; J. H. McLain, 1 year. The nominations were confirmed, and a board which has always been in a state of "innocuous inactivity," almost from the time when provisions were first made for its establishment, is now among the things that are.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Clutz presented a resolution condemning the east wall of Main street bridge as unsafe, and requesting the county commissioners to build a new one. An amendment by Mr. Lieghley requiring the commissioners to keep one section of the bridge open for public travel was accepted and in that form the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Lue at first for knowledge wanted to know if the water company had been notified to put the streets in good condition.

Mr. Boerner replied that he had interviewed the superintendent in regard to the matter, and had reproved him for inattention to his work. Whereupon the superintendent waxing indignant, had requested him to go down upon South Erie street, near the cemetery and inspect the work done there.

Mr. Boerner said that upon inspection he was satisfied that the work was being done well, and when finished, would be, as the superintendent had declared, as level as a billiard table.

In response to an inquiry by Mr. Len, Mr. Boerner stated that there were four men at work on South Erie street. Mr. Len, with a quaint humor peculiarly his own, dryly remarked that, "they would probably fight it out on that line all summer."

The condition of Richville avenue was next discussed. Mr. Len wanted the property owners on that street instructed to lay guttering and curbing according to grade, and made a motion to that effect. He said that he had conversed with many of them and that they seemed willing to do it, but lacked energy to perform the work urged. He thought that at the same time the city should obtain enough gravel to make a good gravel road-bed.

Mr. Leighley said that he was in favor of the motion. Whenever he had had occasion to go over the road in winter or spring, it had recalled to his mind Chas. Reade's novel, "No Thoroughfare." Notwithstanding all the good points of the motion, it was lost. Mr. Boerner, who lives on Front street, expressed the opinion that the city had been quite remiss in attending to their gutterings on that street. Inasmuch as the property owners had done their part, he thought that the city should not neglect its work.

A motion requiring the P. F. W. & C. R. R. to put in new plank at their West Main street crossing, extending the width of the street, prevailed.

A motion compelling property owners on East street, between Plum and North, to curb and gutter, was carried.

A motion referring the matter to committee on streets and alleys, was carried. Adjourned.

BILLS PAID.

T. Clark Miller, \$5.00
Central Union Telephone Co., 10.35
West Massillon Coal Co., 5.41
Geo. Yeat, 2.00
Engine Co., 2.00
Vigilant Hose Co., 8.00

The street commissioner's bill of \$53.25 for week ending May 7 and \$50.75 for week ending May 14.

The Schuyler Electric Light Company's bill of \$431.67, was referred.

WASHINGTON DISPATCHES.

WHO WILL FILL THE VACANCY ON THE SUPREME BENCH?

A Prediction That Judge Hoody Will Be Appointed as Successor to the Late Justice Woods—Jared Lawrence Rathbone Appointed Consul General to Paris.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—A good deal of gossip is heard about the probable successor to Justice Woods, who died last week. The indications are that his successor will be Judge Hoody, of Ohio, who took up his residence in New York a few months ago. Randolph Tucker, Attorney General Garland, ex-Senators Thurman and McDonald are talked of, but it seems more likely that Mr. Hoody will get the place.

Attorney General Garland is said to have expressed a desire for vindication from the imputations cast upon his character of late, and is inclined to seek it at the expiration of his term by a re-election to the senate. Ex-Senator Sherman is past the retiring age of seventy, ex-Senator McDonald is within two years of it and Randolph Tucker is within six years of it. Hoody is younger and has more of a reputation as a lawyer. None of the present judges when appointed were past sixty-three, and only one of them, Justice Blatchford, had reached the age of sixty. Justice Woods, when appointed in 1880, was fifty-six years of age. Three justices have been appointed since he was selected for the place—Matthews, Gray and Blatchford. Justice Woods' term on the supreme bench has been a short one. Only a dozen out of the forty-three who have been appointed to the place have served so short a term. He would have had three more years to serve before he could have retired on full pay, "having reached the age of seventy and served ten years continuously on the supreme bench."

The average term of the justices of the supreme court has been about eighteen years. Only two have cut off their term of service at the end of ten years, while many have held on a full quarter of a century. Justice Miller, now on the bench, was appointed in 1862, and has therefore served twenty-five years. He is past the retiring age. Justice Field was appointed in 1863 and is past the retiring age. Justice Bradley has been in a position to retire at any time in the last four years, having been born in 1814 and appointed in 1870. The longest term served on the bench by any justice was by Chief Justice Marshall and Justice Story, who each served thirty-four years. Justices McLean and Wayne served thirty-two years each, and Bushrod Washington thirty-one. Nine justices have resigned from the supreme bench, one was retired by special act of congress and four have retired on full pay since the act of 1869 permitting this course.

Consul General to Paris.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—The president has appointed Jared Lawrence Rathbone to be consul general of the United States to Paris, vice Consul General Walker, resigned. Mr. Rathbone is a wealthy and influential resident of California, and was recommended by Senator Hearst and a large number of leading Democrats of the Pacific coast. Born in Albany N. Y., Mr. Rathbone was educated and graduated at West Point and served in the Union army with distinction, attaining the rank of major during the war, and being a member of Gen. Scott's staff. For some time after the war Maj. Rathbone and his brother and other relatives were residents of Washington city, his brother, Col. Rathbone, being in company with President Lincoln at the theatre on the night of the assassination. After resigning his commission in the army Maj. Rathbone has been connected with successful enterprises in St. Louis and on the Pacific coast, and has married and settled in San Francisco, where he is a popular and leading citizen. Mr. Rathbone has never held office, but has been an active worker in the ranks of the Democracy of the far west.

Will Return to Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—Mr. Hyatt proposes to return to Washington and assume the office of treasurer next Saturday, so that the count may begin without delay. He will not, however, be able to remain at his post nor regularly enter upon his duties until later.

Two Appointments.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—George K. Bradford, of Louisville, and Richard G. Winter-smith, of Kentucky, have been appointed fraudulent entry agents at \$1,500 per annum, and John Mason of Virginia, and Arthur Grabowski, of Georgia, timber depreciation agents at \$1,200.

Ben. Perley Poore Better.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—Mr. Ben. Perley Poore is reported as much improved this morning. Last night he rested easily, and is now free from pain.

Convicts Attempt to Escape.

STEELEVILLE, Ky., May 19.—News has just reached this place of a break for liberty made by convicts on the Louisville Southern railroad, about twelve miles east of here. Yesterday morning about 7 o'clock, while nine convicts were on their way to work, at a given signal made a rush for liberty. The guards shot one white man, whose body is completely riddled with buckshot. A negro was also shot in the hips and seriously injured. One of the trustees captured another of the prisoners three miles from camp and received a reward of \$150. John Sayles, a negro who escaped, is also badly wounded and was trucked some distance by the blood on the ground. He is a desperate character and will likely give trouble before captured.

Definitely Settled.

New York, May 19.—An Augusta, Me., dispatch to the World says that Mr. Blaine has finally announced his decision to go to Europe this summer, leaving early next month. The reason assigned by Mr. Blaine for his trip across the water is poor health and much needed rest. That Joseph Manley will accompany Mr. Blaine is pretty well settled, and it is said that many lesser political lights will sail later.

Preferred Death to Consumption.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa, May 19.—Mrs. Lottie Whitman, an estimable young lady of this vicinity, and belonging to a leading family of the county, shot herself in the breast Monday night with a revolver. She left a note saying that she feared she would be afflicted with consumption, and preferred death to the life of an invalid.

A Condemned Murderer Escapes.

PHILADELPHIA, May 19.—A special dispatch to the Evening Telegraph from Scranton, Pa., says: James P. McCabe, the Homestead murderer, under sentence of death for killing Michael Riley in December, 1865, and who was to have been hanged on Thursday of next week, the 31st inst., has escaped from prison.

Female Tormentor Fatally Injured.

MAZATLAN, Mex., May 19.—Lola, the young female bull fighter, who has created such a furor here the past month, was thrown yesterday in the ring and fatally injured. Her physicians say she may linger some weeks, but can never recover.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Excerpt of the Times Given in a Terse and Spley Manner.

Hackettstown, N. J., will build a \$500 monument to Tille Smith, the murdered girl.

A troop of cavalry is assisting Wyoming Territory authorities to fence in public lands.

Chief Justice A. A. Willie, of Texas, is the latest candidate to succeed Justice Woods.

Gladstone may come to America this summer. The Irish National League offers its hospitality.

Mrs. Marks, of St. Joseph, Mo., was killed by lightning while undressing a clothes line from an iron hook.

J. M. Howard, county attorney of Porter county, Indiana, was found murdered in a Chicago lumber yard.

John Hampell, of St. Louis, drank so much beer he walked out of a third story window. Neck broken.

A \$5,000 package stolen from the Dominion Express company was found under a pile of lumber in Toronto.

John Sherman writes to the Canadian press favoring reciprocity between the United States and Canada.

Master Workman Powderly is accused by a number of knights with seeking to bend the order to the will of the Catholic church.

Richard McSherry, a Baltimore lawyer, who broke up the padrone vice in that city, has been decorated with an order of merit by the queen of Italy.

It is probable that passenger rates will soon drop to two and one-half cents per mile. Several roads have begun selling 1,000 mile tickets to the general public at that price.

Claus Sprockels, the California sugaring, who has fallen out with King Kalakaua, has gone to Germany to invest in the beet sugar industry. He will import workmen and machinery, and build up the trade on the Pacific coast, with the object of ruining the Sandwich Island trade.

BASE BALL.—Brooklyn 11, Cincinnati 10; Athletic 4, St. Louis 3; Cleveland-Metropolitan game prevented by rain; Louisville 11, Baltimore 6; Washington 14, Chicago 6; New York 26, Indianapolis 6; Detroit 19, Philadelphia 10; Boston 11, Pittsburgh 9; Mansfield 10, Columbus 6; Zanesville 9, Sandusky 6; Keystone 9, Lord Baltimore 6.

A number of new steamships are to be built at Alexandria, Va., the first of which is under way, which will outdo anything in the sailing line. The vessels are to be built entirely of steel and iron, with decks of thin marble slabs, are 540 feet long and built on the true bridge system. They will have a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour.

A Boy's Crime.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 19.—Mamuel Sanchez, of Pacheco, state of Hidalgo, fell in love with a married woman of that mining camp, and as the wife remained faithful to her husband, the lover, a mere boy of twenty, sought to remove the latter from his jealousy by becoming a assassin, and rushing upon the husband he plunged a knife into his heart. The wife struggled to protect her husband and was severely wounded. The assassin surrendered, and from his own confession it seems he has been guilty of several similar crimes.

Train Derailed.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., May 19.—The engine and four cars of a local freight, bound north on the Housatonic railroad, was derailed between Kent and Cornwall Bridge station yesterday afternoon by a large boulder, which had rolled down upon the track from the bank. The through passenger train had only passed a few minutes before the stone fell.

Indications.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—Generally warmer fair weather, variable winds.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

Quotations of the Money, Stock, Produce and Cattle Market for May 18.

New York—Money 4 1/2 per cent. Exchange firm, moderate demand. Money market steady. Currency was 120 1/2 bid; four coupons 120; four-and-half, 104 1/2 d.

The stock market opened firm and during the first thirty minutes of business prices advanced 3/4 to 1 1/2 per cent. under the lead of the Gould stocks, which were quite actively bought. Toward 1 o'clock the market became gradually falling by the room traders, which resulted in a gradual reaction. At the present writing the market is levelish and irregular.

St. Paul, Minn., May 19.—A Mexican Assassin.—CITY OF MEXICO, May 19.—News comes from Mazatlan that two Americans assassinated Enrique Nahun, manager of Hacienda Tomiel. The Americans were arrested and brought here to await trial.

A Murderer Surrenders.—BEARDSTOWN, Ill., May 19.—Lewis Rhening, the murderer of John Boston, gave himself up to the officers Monday. At the preliminary examination he was held in \$3,000 bonds.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 110 WALL ST., N. Y.

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